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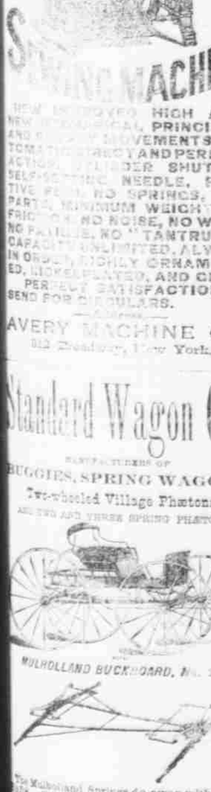
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A TRAGEDY;

—OR—

THE STORY OF THE CHAIN PIER.

CHAPTER I.

Most visitors to Brighton prefer the new pier; it is altogether a more magnificent affair. It is in the fashionable town, for fashion will go westward; it is larger, more commodious, more frequented. Go to the West Pier when you will, there is always something to see; beautiful women, pretty girls, fashionable belles promenade incessantly.—There are times when it is crowded, and there is even a difficulty in making room for all who come. No wonder the *elite* of Brighton like the West Pier; it is one of the most enjoyable spots in England, every luxury and comfort are there, a good library, plenty of newspapers, elegant little shops, excellent refreshment rooms, fine music; and then the lovely blue, dimpling sea, the little boats with their white sails, like white-winged birds on the water, the grand stretch of the waves, the blue sky overhead, and the town, with its fine, tall houses shining in the sunlight, the line of white cliff, and the beach where the children are at play. You go down to the wonderful jetty, which, to me, was one of the most mysterious and romantic of places, there the water is of the deepest, choicest emerald green, and it washes the wonderful net-work of poles with a soft, lapping sound, beautiful to hear. You can stand there with only a rail between you and the deep, green water, watching the fisher-boats out on the deep; watching, perhaps, the steamer with its load of passengers, or looking over the wide, sunlit waves, dreaming—dreams born of the sea—out of the world; alone in the kingdom of fancy; there is always something weird in the presence of deep, silent, moving waters.

There is always plenty of life, gaiety, and fashion on the West Pier. It is a famous place, not for love-making but for flirtation; a famous place for studying human nature; a famous place for passing a pleasant hour. You may often meet great celebrities on the West Pier; faces familiar at the House of Lords, familiar at Court, familiar at the opera are to be seen there during the season; beautiful faces that have grown pale and worn with the excitement of a London campaign, and here, as they are bent thoughtfully over the green waters, the bracing air brings sweet roses, the lines fade, the eyes brighten; there is no such beautifier as a sea breeze, no bloom so radiant and charming as that brought by the wind from the sea.

On the West Pier you will find all the beauty, rank, and fashion of Brighton; you will see costumes *à rarir*, dresses that are artistic and elegant; you will see faces beautiful and well-known; you will hear a charming ripple of conversation; you will witness many pleasant and piquant adventures; but if you want to dream; if you want to give up your whole heart and soul to the poetry of the sea; if you want to listen to your ear away from the world; if you want to lie "the music of the winds, their whispers, their lullabies, their mad dashes, the frantic rages, you must go to the Chain Pier. As a rule you will find few "nice people" there, but you may know they are a special few, for you will see the grave, quiet face of the thinker, who has chosen that spot because he does not want to be disturbed by the front-fron of ladies' dresses, or the music of their happy voices; he wants to be alone with the sea and the wind.

It often happens that you find a pair of very happy lovers there,—they go to the side and lean over the railing as though their side object in life was to watch the ripples sea. Do not bother them, for you will hear the murmur of two voices, and the theme is always "love." If you go near them they look shyly at you, and in a few minutes move gently away. Ah, happy lovers, make any while the sun shines; it does not shine always, even over the Chain Pier.

If you want to watch the waves, to hear their rolling music, if you want to see the seagulls wheel in the blue ether, if you want to think, to read, to be alone, to fill your mind with beautiful thoughts, go to the Chain Pier at Brighton.

There is a jetty—an old-fashioned, weird place, where the green water rushes swiftly and washes round the green wood, where there is always a beautiful sound of the rising and falling of the sea; where you may sit on one of the old-fashioned seats, seeing nothing but water and sky around you, until you can fancy yourself out in the wide ocean; until you can wrap your thoughts and your senses in the very mists of romance. Time was when the Chain Pier at Brighton was one of the wonders of England, and even now, with its picturesque chains and arches, I like it better than any other.

I may as well tell the truth while I write of it. I know that if the dead can rise from their graves I shall revisit the Chain Pier at Brighton. I spent one hour there,—that was the hour of my life,—one madly happy, bewildering hour! I remember the plank of wood on which my feet rested; I remember the railing, over which I heard the green, deep water, with the white-sailed boat in the distance—sails like the white wings of angels beckoning me away; the blue sky with the few fleecy white clouds,—the wash of the waters against the woodwork of the pier; and I remember the face that looked down into mine—all Heaven lay in it for me; the deep water, the blue sky, the handsome face, the measured rythms of the sea, the calm tones of the clear waves—are all mixed in one dream. I cry out in anguish at times that Heaven may send me such another, but it can never be! If the dead can return, I shall stand once more where I stood then. I will not tell my story now, but rather tell of the tragedy with which the Chain Pier at Brighton is associated for evermore in my mind.

I had gone down to Brighton for my health, and I was staying at that most comfortable and luxurious of hotels, "The Norfolk." It was the end of September, and the only peculiarity of the month that I remember was this: the nights grew dark very soon—they were not cold; the darkness was rather that of soft thick gloom that spread over land and sea. No one need ever feel dull in Brighton. If I could have liked billiards, or cared for the theatre, or enjoyed the brilliant shops on the crowded pier, with its fine music, I might have been happy enough; but I was miserable with this aching pain of regret, and the chill desolation of a terrible loss. I tried the Aquarium. If fishes would soothe the heart of man, solace might be found there; but to my morbid fancy they looked at me with wide open eyes of wonder,—they knew the secrets of the sea,—the faint stir of life in the beautiful anemones had lost its interest. I could not smile at the King Crabs; the reading tables, and the music had no interest for me; outwardly I was walking through the magnificent halls of the Aquarium,—inwardly my heart was beating to the mournful rythms of the sea. The clock had not struck seven when I came out, and there lying before me was the Chain Pier.

I went there as naturally as the needle goes to the magnet. The moon shone with a fitful light,—at times it was bright as day,—flooded the sea with silver, and showed the chain and the arches of the pier as plainly as the sun could have done—showed the running of the waves,—they were busy that evening, and came in fast,—spreading out in great sheets of white foam, and when the moonlight did touch the foam, it was beautiful to see.

But my lady moon was coquettish—every now and then she hid her face behind a drifting cloud, then the soft, thick gloom fell again, and the pier lay like a huge shadow—the very place, I thought, in which a tortured heart could grow calm; there was only the wind and the sea, nothing more. I would go to the spot where we two should stand together never more. I fancied, as I paid for admission at the gate, that the face of the person who received it expressed some surprise. It must have seemed a strange taste; but —ah me!—there had bloomed for me for one short hour the flowers of paradise.

The thick, soft gloom was deeper on the pier. I remember that, as I walked down, I heard from the church clocks the hour of eight. All along the coast there was a line of light; the town was brilliantly lighted, and when I looked across the waters, the west pier was in all its radiance; the sound of the music floated over the waves to me, the light of the colored lamps shone far and wide. I could see the moving mass of people; here I was almost alone. I saw a gentleman smoking his cigar, I saw the inevitable lovers, I saw an old man with a wan face, I saw two young men, almost boys—what had brought them there I could not think.

I reached the pier-head, where the huge lamp had been lighted, and shone like a great brilliant jewel. I sat down; there was no greater pleasure for me than an evening spent there. At first all was quite still; the gentleman smoking his cigar walked up and down; the two youths, who had evidently mistaken the nature of the pier, and considered themselves greatly injured by the absence of music and company, went away; the old man sat still for some time, then he left.

I was alone then with the smoker, who troubled himself very little about me. The coquettish moon threw a while, laughing gleam around, then was lashed. A whole pile of thick, dark clouds came up from the west and hid her fair face—by them the thick, soft gloom had deepened into darkness. I was far from expecting anything tragical as I sat there, cold, desolate, and lonely. As it was, the Chain Pier was more like home to me than any other spot on earth, because of the one hour I had passed there.

The wind began to freshen and blow coldly where I sat. I had no motive in changing my seat, except to escape just the sharpness of the breeze. I crossed to the other side, where the white line of cliffs lay—away from the brilliant lights of the west pier, hidden behind the wooden structure erected to shelter those on the pier. I gave myself up to my dreams.

I cannot tell how it was, but to-night many, mostly stories that I had read about piers came to my mind. For instance, now, how easy it would be for any man to steal up to me through the thick, soft, shadowy mist, and murder me before I had time to even utter a cry. I might be thrown over into the sea.

Then I said to myself what a foolish thought. I was close to many people, such a murder impossible. Yet I was foolish enough to turn my head and try to peer through the darkness if anyone was near.

The tall, slender figure of a woman dressed in a dark cloak was slowly walking up the middle of the pier. She could not see me, but I saw her—plainly, distinctly. I noticed the grace of her movements, her grand carriage. She was closely veiled, so that I could not see her face. But, unless I was much mistaken, she carried a bundle of something held tightly under her arm.

CHAPTER II.

If this had been an ordinary woman I should not have noticed her, beyond the passing regard of the moment; it was the grace of her walk that attracted my attention, and I felt sure that as she passed me by I heard the sound of bitter, passionate sobbing.

The old story over again, I thought, sorrow and pain, longing and love! But for the sound of that sob as she passed me I should not have watched her,—I should not have known what afterwards I would have given my life not to know.

She walked right on to the very head of the pier, and stood there for a few minutes. I knew, by instinct, that she was crying bitterly; then I was struck by the manner in which she looked round; it was evident to me that she wished to be quite alone. At times the waves playing round the wooden pillars made some musical sound; she turned quickly, as though she suspected some one was near her. Once a gentleman strolled leisurely on to the pier, stood for a few minutes watching the sea in silence, then went away; while he was there she stood still and motionless as a statue; then she looked round with a stealthy gaze—a gaze so unlike the free, grand grace of her movements, that I was struck by it. She could not see me, because I was in the deep shadow, but I could see every gesture of hers. I saw her raise her face to the darkening skies, and I felt that some despairing prayer hung on her lips, and the reason why I could see her so plainly was this, that she stood just where the rays of the lamps fell brightly.

It was a dramatic scene, the dark, heaving sea, with the fitful gleam of the moonlight; the silent pier, with the one huge light; the tall, dark figure standing there so motionless. Why did she look round with that hurried, stealthy glance as though so desirous of being alone? Presently she seemed to realize that she stood where the light fell brightest, and she turned away. She walked to the side of the pier farthest from me, where she stood opposite to the bright lights of the western pier. She did not remain there long, but crossed again, and this time she chose that part of the pier where I was sitting.

Far back in the deep shade in the corner she did not see me, she did not suspect that anyone was near. I saw her give a hasty look down the pier, but her glance never fell on the corner where I sat. She went to the railings—one or two of them were broken and had not been repaired; in a more frequented place it might, perhaps, have been dangerous. She did not seem to notice it. She stood for some minutes in silence, then I heard again bitter weeping, passionate sobs, long drawn sighs. I heard a smothered cry of "Oh, Heaven! oh, Heaven! have pity;" and then a sickly gleam of light came from the sky, and by it light I saw that she took the bundle from under her arm. I could not see what it was or what it held, but she bent her head over it, she kissed it,—ah! with what passion of tears, kissed it,—sobbed over it with passionate sobs, then raised it above the railings and let it fall slowly into the water.

There was a slight splash, no other sound. As she raised the bundle I saw distinctly that it was something wrapped in a grey and black shawl.

I swear before Heaven that no thought of wrong came to my mind; I never dreamed of it. I had watched her first because the rare grace of her tall figure and of her walk came to me as a surprise, then because she was evidently in such bitter sorrow, then because she seemed so desirous of being alone, but never did one thought cross my mind that there was a shadow of blame—or wrong; I should have been far more on the alert had I thought so. I was always of a dreamy, sentimental, half-awake kind of mind; I thought of nothing more than a woman, desperate, perhaps, with an unhappy love, throwing the love-letters and presents of a faithless lover into the sea—nothing more. I repeat this most emphatically, as I should not like any suspicion of indolence or indifference to rest upon me.

A slight splash,—not of anything heavy,—no other sound; no cry, no word—a moment's pause in the running of the waves, then they went on again, gaily as ever, washing the wooden pillars, and wreathing them with fresh seaweed. The tall figure, with the head bent over the rail, might have been a statue for all the life or stir there was within her.

Quite a quarter of an hour passed, and she did not stir. I began to wonder if she were dead; her head was bent the whole time, watching the waves as they ran hurrying past. Then the lady moon relented, and showed her fair face again; a flood of silver light fell over the sea,—each wave seemed to catch some of it, and break with a thousand ripples of light,—the white cliffs caught it,—it fell on the old pier, and the tall black figure stood out in bold relief against the moonlit sky.

I was almost startled when she turned round, and I saw her face quite plainly. The same light that revealed her pretty little face and figure, threw a deeper shade over me. She looked anxiously up and down, yet by a singular fatality never looked at the corner of the wooden building where I sat. I have often wondered since that I did not cry out when I saw that face,—so wonderfully beautiful, but so marble white, so sad, so intent, so earnest, the beautiful eyes wild with pain, the beautiful mouth quivering. I can see it now, and I shall see it until I die.

There was a low, broad brow, and golden brown hair clustered upon it,—hair that was like a crown; the face was oval-shaped, exquisitely beautiful, with a short upper lip, a full lovely under one, and a perfectly modelled chin. But it was the face of a woman almost mad with despair.

"Oh, Heaven! if I dare—if I dare!" she cried. She flung up her hands with the gesture of one who has no hope; she looked over at the sea, once more at the pier, then slowly turned away, and again quite plainly I heard the words, "Oh, Heaven! if I dare—if I dare!"

She then walked slowly away, and I lost sight of her under the silent arches; but I could not forget her. What a face!—what beauty, what passion, what pain, what love and despair, what goodness and power! What a face! When should I ever forget it?

Impelled by curiosity, I went to the railings, and I stood where she stood. I looked down. How deep and fathomless it seemed, this running sea! What was it she had dropped there? In my mind's eye I saw a most pathetic little bundle made of love letters; I pictured them tied with a pretty faded ribbon; there would be dried flowers, each one a memento of some happy occasion. I could fancy the dried roses, the withered forget-me-nots, the violets, with some faint odor lingering still around them. Then there would be a valentine, perhaps two or three; a photograph, and probably an engagement ring. She had flung them away into the depths of the sea, and only Heaven knows what hopes and love she had flung with them! I could understand now what that cry meant—"If I dare—if I dare!"

It meant that if she dare she would fling herself into the sea after them! How many hopes had been flung, like hers, into those black depths!

Then I came to the conclusion that I was, to say the least of it, a simpleton to waste so much time and thought about another person's affairs.

I remember that, as I walked slowly down the pier, I met several people, and that I felt a glow of pleasure at the thought that some people had the good sense to prefer the Chain Pier. And then I went home.

A game of billiards, a long chat in the smoking-room, ought to have distracted my mind from the little incident I had witnessed, but it did not. My bed-room faced the sea, and I drew up the blind so that I might look at it once more. The beautiful sea has many weird aspects, none stranger than when it lies heaving sullenly under the light of the moon. Fascinated, charmed, I stood and watched it. The moon had changed her mind, she meant to shine now; the clouds had all vanished; the sky was dark and blue; the stars were shining; but the wind had quickened, and the waves rolled in briskly with white silvery foam marking their progress.

The Chain Pier stood out quite clear and distinct in the moonlight, very fair and shapely it looked. Then I went to sleep and dreamt of the white, beautiful, desperate face—of the woman who had, I believed, thrown her love-letters into the sea. The wind grew rougher and the sea grew angry during the night, when at times I woke from my sleep I could hear them. Ah! long before this the love-letters had been destroyed—had been torn by the swift waves; the faded flowers and all the pretty love tokens were done to death in the brisk waters. I wondered if, in thought, that beautiful, desperate woman would go back to that spot on the Chain Pier.

The morning following dawned bright and calm; there was a golden sunlight and a blue sea; why the color of the water should change so greatly, I could not think, but change it did. I have seen it clear as an emerald, and I have seen it as blue as the lakes and seas of Italy. This morning it wore a blue dress, and a thousand brilliants danced on its broad, sweet bosom. Already there were a number of people on the promenade; both piers looked beautiful, and were full of life and activity. It must have been some kind of holiday. I forget for what the flags were flying, and there was a holiday look about the town. I thought I would walk for ten minutes before my breakfast. I went towards the Chain Pier, drawn by the irresistible attraction of the face I had seen there last evening.

It struck me that there was an unusual number of people about the Chain Pier, quite a crowd had collected at the gate. People were talking to each other in an excited fashion. I saw one or two policemen, and I came to the conclusion that some accident or other had happened on the pier. I went up to the crowd—two or three boatmen stood leaning over the rail.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Matter, sir," replied one; "there is matter enough. There must have been murder, or something very much like it, done on that pier last night."

"Murder!" I cried, with a beating heart; "do not use such a horrible word."

"It is a horrible thing, sir, but it has been done," replied the boatman.

CHAPTER III.

I cannot tell why the word "murder" struck me with such horror. I stood looking at the old boatman like one struck with dismay. I was on the point of saying that it was quite impossible, for I had been on the Chain Pier last night, and had seen nothing of the kind. Some impulse restrained me.

"I would not go so far as to say it was murder," interrupted a sturdy boatman. "I have been about here a great many years, and I have seen some queer things. I should hardly call this murder."

"It was a life taken away, whether you call it murder or not," said the old man.

"May be—but I am not sure. I have seen many mad with misery, but murder is a rare thing."

"What is it?" I asked.

"A child, sir—only a little child," said the sturdy boatman. "The body of a little child found drowned off the pier here."

Now, why should I start, and tremble, and grow sick at heart? What had it to do with me? I knew nothing of any murdered child, yet great drops formed on my brow, and my very heart trembled.

"A little child found drowned," I repeated; "but how do you know it was murdered? It may have fallen into the water."

"It was not old enough for that, sir," said the elder boatman, "it is but a fair little babe—a baby girl; not more than three weeks old."

Ah, why did the beautiful, desperate face I had seen the night before flash before my eyes then? The boatman went on—

"It is plain to my eyes that it is a murder; although the child is but a tender babe; all the greater murder for that, a bigger child might have helped itself. this one could not."

"Tell me about it?" I said.

Ah! if my heart would but stop beating, or if the beautiful, desperate face would but fade from my memory.

"It was James Clayton who found it," continued the old man. "He was at work in the jetty this morning when he caught sight of something moving up and down with the waves; at first he thought it looked like an old rag, and he took no notice of it, then something about it attracted his attention more and more. He went nearer and found that it was a grey and black shawl, that had caught on some of the nails which had been driven into the wooden pillars for some purpose or other—a woman's shawl, sure as could be; some lady, he thought, had dropped it over the pier and it had caught on these hooks below the water. Jim was pleased; he thought, if worth anything, he might get a trifle of reward for it; if not, he might take it home to his old mother.

"So he got it to the spot, but, sir, to Jim's surprise, he found it was not only a shawl, but a bundle; he thought he had found a treasure, and hastened to get it quickly off the hooks. It had been caught more tightly by accident than it could have been placed there by human hands. It was tight on the hooks, and he had to tear the shawl to get it off. He lost no time opening it, and there was a little, fair child, drowned and dead.

"It was not a pleasant sight, sir, on a bright morning, when the sunshine was dancing over the waves. Jim said his heart turned quite faint when he saw the little white body—such a fair little mite, sir it was enough to make the very angels weep! Some woman, sir—Heaven forbid that it was the mother—some woman had dressed it in pretty white clothes. It had a white gown, with lace, and a soft white woollen cap on the little golden head. A sorry sight, sir—a sorry sight! Jim said that when he thought of that little tender body swinging to and fro with the waves all night, he could not keep the tears from his eyes.

"It was meant to sink, you see, sir," continued the man, with rough energy —"it was never meant to be caught. But the great God, He is above all, and He knows the little one was not to sink to the bottom like lead. It is true, sir, and murder will out."

"But is nothing known?" I asked.—"Surely such a thing could never be done without someone seeing or knowing something about it."

"I am afraid, sir, no one knows but the one who did it. Some woman, sir, had dressed the little thing—a man would never have thought of the soft woollen cap. And I can tell you another thing, sir—a man would never have killed a child like that; not that I am upholding men—some of them are brutes enough—but I do not think any man would throw a little babe into the water. When a woman is bad, she is bad, and there is nothing vile enough for her."

I thought of the beautiful and desperate face. Heaven grant that she might have nothing to do with this! And yet—the black and grey shawl?

"Whereabouts was it?" I asked.

He pointed with his hand to the very spot where she had stood.

"Just there," he said. "It was there the little thing was thrown, and there, just below the line of the jetty, it was caught by the hooks."

The identical spot where she had stood. Oh, beautiful, despairing face, what was hidden under your mask of stone?

"You should go on the pier, sir, and see for yourself," said the old man. "The superintendent of the police is there now; but they will never find out who did it. Women are deep when they are wicked, and the one who did this was wicked enough."

There was a slight suggestion on the part of the little group as to the morning being a dry one. We parted on very satisfactory terms.

I went on the pier, and under the wooden shelter where I had sat last night, I saw a group—the superintendent of the police with one of the officers, the manager of the pier, the keepers of the different stalls, a few strangers, and Jim, the boatman, who had found the little bundle dripping wet. Oh, Heaven! the pathos of it. On the wooden seat lay the little bundle, so white, so fair, like a small, pale rose-bud, and by it, in a wet heap, lay the black and grey shawl. I knew it in one moment; there was not another word to be said; that was the same shawl I had seen in the woman's hands when she dropped the little bundle into the sea—the self-same. I had seen it plainly by the bright, fitful gleam of the moon. The superintendent said something to me, and I went forward to look at the little child—so small, so fair, so tender—how could any woman, with a woman's heart, drop that warm, soft little nursling, into the cold, deep sea. It was a woman who killed Joel—a woman who slew Holofernes—but the woman who drowned this little, tiny child, was more cruel by far than they.

"What a sweet little face!" said the superintendent—"it looks just as if it were made of wax."

I bent forward. Ah! if I had doubted before, I could doubt no longer. The little face, even in its waxen pallor, was like the beautiful one I had seen in its white despair last night. Just the same cluster of hair, the same beautiful mouth and moulded chin. Mother and child, I knew and felt sure. The little white garments were dripping, and some kind, motherly woman in the crowd came forward and dried the little face.

"Poor little thing!" she said, "how I should like to take those wet things off, and make it warm by a good fire."

"It will never be warm again in this world," said one of the boatmen.—"There is but little chance when a child has lain all night in the sea."

"All night in the sea!" said the pitiful woman; "and my children lay so warm and comfortable in their soft little beds. All night in the sea! Poor little motherless thing!"

She seemed to take it quite for granted that the child must be motherless; in her loving, motherly heart she could not think of such a crime as a mother destroying her own child. I saw that all the men who stood round the body were struck with this.

"What will be done with it?" she asked.

"It will go to the deadhouse at the workhouse," said the superintendent, "and the parish will bury it."

Then I stood forward.

"No!" I cried, "if the authorities will permit, I will take upon myself the expense of burying that little child—it shall not have a pauper's funeral; it shall be buried in the beautiful green cemetery in the Lewes Road, and it shall have a white marble cross at the head of its grave."

"You are very good, sir," said the superintendent, and the pitiful woman cried out:

"Heaven bless you, sir! I would do the same thing myself if I could afford it."

"There must be an inquest," said someone in the crowd; "we ought to know whether the child was dead before it was thrown into the water."

"I hope to Heaven it was!" cried the woman.

And I said to myself that, if that were the case, it would not be murder—not murder, but some mad, miserable mother's way out of some dreadful difficulty.

Surely, on the beautiful despairing face I had not seen the hand of murder! If the little one had been dead, that would lessen the degree of wickedness so greatly.

The woman who had dried and kissed the tiny waxen face, bent over it now.

"I am sure," she said, "that child was alive when it touched the water."

"How can you know?" asked the superintendent, curiously.

"Look at the face, sir, and you will see."

"I see nothing," he replied.

"I do," she said. "I see just what you would see on the face of a baby suddenly plunged into cold water. I see the signs of faint, baby surprise. Look at the baby's brows and the little hand spread wide open. It was living when it touched the water, I am sure of that."

"A doctor will soon settle that question," said the superintendent.

Then the little one was carried by rough but not ungentle hands to the deadhouse on the hill. I went with it. I overheard the superintendent tell the master of the workhouse that I was a rich man—an invalid—and that I passed a great part of my time at Brighton. In a lowered voice he added that I was very eccentric, and that, happening to be on the Chain Pier that morning I had insisted upon paying the expenses of the little funeral.

"A kind, Christian gentleman," the master said. "I am glad to hear it."

I shall never forget the pitiful sight of that tiny white form laid on the table alone—quite alone—I could not forget it. The matron had found a little white dress and put it on, and with kindly thought had laid some white chrysanthemums on the little, innocent breast. Whenever I see a chrysanthemum now it brings back the whole scene—the bare, white walls, the clean, wooden floor, the black trestles, and the table whereon the fair, tender little body lay—all alone.

CHAPTER IV.

Our little life in this world seems of little count. Throw a stone into the sea—it makes a splash that lasts for one second, then it is all over the waves roll on just as though it had not been dropped.

The death of this one little child, whom no one knew, and for whom no one cared, was of less than no account; it made a small paragraph in the newspapers,—it had caused some little commotion on the pier,—just a little hurry at the workhouse, and then it was forgotten. What was such a little waif and stray—such a small, fair, tender little creature to the gay crowd?

"A child found drowned by the Chain Pier." Kind-hearted, motherly women shrugged their shoulders with a sigh. The finding or the death of such hapless little ones is, alas! not rare. I do not think, of the hundreds who carelessly heard the words that morning, there was one who stopped to think of the possible suffering of the child. It is a wide step from the warmth of a mother's arms to the chill of the deep sea water. The gay tide of fashion ebbed and flowed just the same; the band played on the Chain Pier the morning following; the sunbeams danced on the water,—there was nothing to remind one of the little life so suddenly and terribly closed.

There was not much more to tell. There was an inquest, but it was not of much use. Everyone knew that the child had been drowned; the doctor thought it was drugged before it was drowned; there was very little to be said about it. Jim, the boatman, proved the finding of it. The coroner said a few civil words when he heard that one of the visitors of the town, out of sheer pity, had offered to defray the expenses of the little funeral.

The little unknown babe, who had spent the night in the deep sea, was buried in the cemetery on the Lewes Road. I bought a grave for her under the spreading boughs of a tree; she had a white pall and a quantity of white flowers. The matron from the workhouse went, and it was not at all like a pauper's funeral. The sun was shining, and the balmy air was filled with the song of birds; but then, the sun does shine, and the birds will sing, for paupers.

I ordered a small white marble cross; it stands under the trees at the head of the little green grave. When the head mason asked me what name was to be put upon it, I was puzzled. Only Heaven knew whether the helpless little child had a claim to any name, and, if so, what that name was. I bethought myself of one name, it meant bitterness, and the bitterness of deep waters.

"I will call it 'Marah,'" I said, and the name stands there on the marble cross.

"Marah, aged three weeks, found drowned in the sea, September, 18—."

Only one small grave amongst many, but a grave over which no mother has shed a tear. Then, after a few days more I forgot almost all about it; yet at that time I was so lonely, so utterly desolate, that I felt some kind of tie bound me to the little grave, and made me love the spot. It was soon all forgotten, but I never forgot the beautiful, despairing face I had seen on the pier that night—the face that seemed to have passed me with the quickness of a swift wind, yet which was impressed on my brain for ever.

I have been writing to you, reader, behind a veil, let me draw it aside. My name is John Ford—by no means a romantic name—but I come of a good family. I am one of the world's unfortunates. I had neither brother nor sister; my father and mother died while I was quite young; they left me a large fortune, but no relations—no one to love me. My guardian was a stern, grave, elderly man; my youth was lonely, my manhood more lonely still. I found a fair and dainty love, but she proved false; she left me for one who had more gold and a title to give her.—When I lost her, all my happiness died; the only consolation I found was going about from place to place trying to do good where I could. This little incident on the Chain Pier roused me more than anything had done for some time.

I had one comfort in life—a friend whom I loved dearer than a brother, Lancelot Fleming; and lately he had come into possession of a very nice estate called Dutton Manor, a fine old mansion, standing in the midst of an extensive park, and with it an income of three thousand per annum. Lance Fleming had been brought up to the bar, but he never cared much for his profession, and was much pleased when he succeeded to his cousin's estate.

He had invited me several times to visit Dutton Manor, but something or other had always intervened to prevent it. Lance came to see me; we traveled together; we were the very opposite of each other. He was frank, gay, cheerful, always laughing, always with some grand jest on the *tapis*—a laughing, sunny, blue-eyed fellow, who was like a sunbeam in every house he entered; he was always either whistling or singing, and his bright, cheery voice trolled out such snatches of sweet song, that it was a pleasure to hear him.

I am naturally melancholy, and have a tendency always to look on the dark side of things. You can imagine how I loved Lance Fleming, the love that other men give to wives, children, parents and relatives, I lavished on him. I loved his fair, handsome face, his laughing blue eyes, his sunny smile, his cheery voice; I loved his warm-hearted, genial manner. In fact, I loved the whole man, just as he was, with a love passing that of women—loved him as I shall love no other.

Naturally enough, Lance was a great favorite with the ladies; every wo

THE ALLEGHENY

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - OCTOBER 23, 1885.

Farm Notes.

Leave no corn-fodder in the fields. It will be worth twice as much if carefully stored.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
CONRAD B. DAY,
of Philadelphia.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOSEPH A. GRAY,
of Carrolltown Borough.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JOHN RORABAUGH,
of Croyle Township.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
E. J. BLOUGH,
of Richland Township.

FOR CORONER,
WILLIAM F. KINNEY,
of Prospect Borough.

THE last session before the Examiner, Weiss, in the injunction cases of the Commonwealth to prevent the Pennsylvania Railroad Company from obtaining control of the South Pennsylvania and Beech Creek roads, was held at Philadelphia on Friday last. The testimony, as well as much other matter put in evidence, will be printed, and the examiner submitted his report to the Dauphin County Court on last Tuesday. The understanding is that the arguments of counsel will take place before that court to day and to-morrow.

THE following is the eloquent conclusion of Archbishop Gibbons' sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, at the close of the funeral services over the remains of the late Cardinal McCloskey: "Oh, beloved Father in Christ, may thy soul be this day in Paradise. We cherish thy memory and even in years to come, when thy life shall be viewed through the mellowing atmosphere of time, thy memory, like the memory of Josias, will be as a composition of sweet odor made by the art of the perfumer; thy memory shall be sweet as honey in every mouth and as delicious music at a banquet. They will speak of thee as the kind and gentle and fatherly Cardinal McCloskey."

GOVERNOR PATTISON on Saturday last appointed James Gay Gordon to be Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, as the successor of William H. Yerkes, lately deceased. Mr. Gordon was elected to the State Senate from one of the Philadelphia districts in 1881, and took quite a conspicuous part in the proceedings of that body on the apportionment question during the memorabl exetra session of 1883. He will hold his office until the first Monday in January, 1887, and although he may prove himself to be an able, just and fearless judge, he will not be elected in November, 1886, for the simple reason that he is a Democrat, and the Philadelphia Republicans are not in the habit of putting men of that kind upon the bench. Republicans don't do it anywhere. In Pittsburg, where two weeks ago Governor Pattison appointed Christopher Magee to succeed Judge Kirkpatrick, the young Republican lawyers of that city, without waiting [illegible] next summer to see what outcome there is in Judge Magee and whether he don't deserve a re-election by both political parties, are now diligeutly at work laying the wires for his defeat by one of their own kind. Of late years the Democrats of Allegheny county have uniformly endorsed the re-election of a Republican judge when he was admitted to be honest and competent, but the young Republican lawyers of Pittsburg are taking time by the forelock and a year in advance of the election are planning for the defeat of an untried Democratic judge, although his superior qualifications for the position when he was appointed were cheerfully conceded by every Republican paper in that city.

IT is very refreshing in this year of grace 1885, to hear John Sherman talking, as he did at Mansfield, Ohio, on last Saturday night at a jollification meeting, about the "disgraceful struggles of the most corrupt political gang in this State (Ohio) to wrest from the Republicans a Legislature elected by an aggregate majority of more than 20,000." Sherman refers, of course, to the dispute over the result in Cincinnati, both parties claiming the election of the four members of the Senate and ten members of the House from that city. As we understand it, the members of the Legislature from Cincinnati are elected, *not* by separate districts as in Pittsburg, for example, but by a general ticket. Gov. Hoadly carried Cincinnati by between four and five hundred, and the Democrats claim that their Legislative ticket, composed of ten members of the House and four Senators, received about the same majority as Hoadly. Each party in Cincinnati charges fraud upon the other, and the count of the vote, which was commenced on Monday, is not completed as we write on Wenesday. We have no doubt the ballot boxes will be made to tell the truth as regards the vote when the polls were closed, and that if any fraud was subsequently perpetrated the guilty person or persons, irrespective of political considerations, will be promptly prosecuted and made to suffer the penalty. When John Sherman, therefore, on last Saturday night, made the charge of fraud against the Democrats in Cincinnati, he did not know and could not have known whether the ballot boxes had been tampered with or not. Sherman himself was one of the "statesmen" who went to Louisiana immediately after the Presidential election in 1876, and in connection with Madison Wells, Jim Anderson and other Republican conspirators, stole the vote of that State from Tilden and by the blackest fraud and perjury put Hayes into the Presidential chair. The part that John Sherman played in that dark and foul conspiracy is a matter of public record, and will render his name infamous through all time. When such a man has the cheek to stand up and denounce imaginary Democratic election frauds in Cincinnati, no more perfect illustration of the hypocritical performance of "Satan rebuking sin" could possibly be imagined.

[illegible] two Presidential elections conclusively demonstrated that Cambria county can give between five and six hundred of a Democratic majority on a full vote.

This fact shows that the Democrats have the numerical strength to elect their county ticket on next Tuesday week, and that if they permit it, or any part of it, to be defeated, the result will be entirely due to their own inexcusable indifference and neglect. No charge of want of fitness or honesty has been made against any of the candidates, nor has any allegation been made that they were not all fairly nominated. What excuse then can any honest Democrat possibly give for refusing to support it? None, absolutely none that we can imagine. A Democrat who is not unreservedly for the ticket which he himself assisted in making at the primary election, or which he virtually sanctioned by remaining at home and permitting those who did attend the election to make for him, is giving direct aid and comfort to the enemy. We know that this is what is called an "off year" in politics, and that there is not even a shadow of party excitement in any portion of the county, although it is the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant that the election of a Sheriff did not create excitement and a vast deal of it. It is better in every point of view, we think, that the political atmosphere is calm and undisturbed, so that every Democrat can reflect upon the consequences of his own action or non-action at the polls. If he thinks twice before he votes, if he is in doubt, he will be pretty sure to vote right, and that means all the time a vote for the ticket. We have often wondered how men who valued the elective franchise at its proper worth can absent themselves from an election at which officers are to be chosen to administer their own local or home affairs, and on the other hand, how eagerly and excitedly they rush to the polls at a Presidential election which has absolutely no connection with or influence upon matters pertaining to their county government. The true theory, therefore, that every Democrat ought to adopt and act upon on next Tuesday week, is that if he stays away from the election defeat may be the *possible* consequence. If each Democrat would thus act the polls will not close on the 3d of November with only about two-thirds of the Democratic vote cast, and a portion of the county ticket defeated, as has been the case on some occasions heretofore. If, in a word, it should happen that either Joseph A. Gray, the candidate for Sheriff, or John Rorabaugh, the candidate for Poor House Director, is defeated by *one* vote, the Democrats who didn't think it worth their while to go to the election under the belief that there was no danger, will feel like crawling into very small holes and pulling the holes in after them.

AT a meeting composed of Irishmen and Irish-Americans held in New York a couple of weeks ago, a resolution was adopted in favor of sending fifty representative men of the Irish race in the United States to Ireland to assist Mr. Parnell and his associates in electing to the English Parliament the candidates selected by that heroic and trusted leader. When we consider that Ireland has long been and still is the home of orators, this proposition seems very much like sending coal to New Castle or cabbages to Holland. The meeting announced the names of the persons selected for this important mission, and it embraces most of the prominent and best-known Irish and Irish-American speakers in the country, such men as John Boyle O'Reilly and Congressman Collins, of Boston, Congressman Foran, of Cleveland, Judge Pendergrast, of Chicago, Dr. Wallace, of New York, and Dr. George C. Butts, of St. Louis. None of the gentlemen appointed favor the project, believing that Mr. Parnell does not need their assistance, Mr. Collins when asked if he would go, replying: "No, not will anyone else. If they want to do anything for the cause why don't they do as others are doing—send over money." Ireland swarms with orators of the first water who are always ready and willing to back up Mr. Parnell and his cause with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and their assistance will prove far more efficient and decisive at the approaching election than any outside support imported from the United States.

MALCOLM HAY, late First Assistant Postmaster General, died at his residence in Allegheny City on Friday last, of consumption. He was born in Philadelphia in 1842, and in 1865 removed to Pittsburg, where he was soon afterward admitted to the bar. The first public position he held was that of member of the Constitutional Convention in 1872-73, in which body he was a member of the Judiciary Committee. He was one of the Democratic Commissioners sent to Florida for the purpose of preventing Mr. Tilden from being swindled out of the vote of that State. He was a delegate to the three last National Conventions, and at the last one, in 1884, at Chicago, was an active friend of Mr. Cleveland's. When the President tendered him the appointment of First Assistant Postmaster General he was in delicate health, but he accepted it with all the exhaustive labor it involved. Its onerous duties soon proved too severe for his shattered health, and in a short time he was compelled to resign. In his death his party has lost one of its ablest and most trusted leaders, his State an unswerving patriot, and Allegheny county one of its brightest ornaments.

IN a case taken up from the Greene County Court the Supreme Court, now sitting at Pittsburg, decided on Monday last that a bet made on the result of a primary election was not illegal, because neither the primary nor the general election laws prohibited betting on the result of a primary election. The Constitutionality of the primary election laws of the State was involved in the case, but the Court did not express an opinion on that question, in as much as it was not before them in the proper form.

[illegible] of Recent History.

Volume V legislative documents, 1878-79, page 86, House investigation committee on bill 103. That is the lingo of the legislative literature; and "bill 103" spells the Pittsburg riot bill. Mr. Lewis Emery, Senator from McKean county, is under examination, and Mr. M. S. Quay, then Secretary of the Commonwealth, now candidate for State Treasurer, is speaking to the deponent. Scene: Lochiel House, Harrisburg: "In the window right next to the big safe, where we hang our coats behind the door." "Well," says he, [quoth deponent] "I was at Philadelphia last week, Saturday, and I was up in Mr. Cassatt's office *to get some passes*, and while there Mr. Cassatt brought up the conversation. He said he (Cassatt) would be very much pleased if he (Secretary of the Commonwealth Quay) would assist in passing the riot bill, and that they (the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which Mr. Cassatt was Vice President,) were very anxious to have it (the riot bill) passed, and he wished he (Quay) could do so with the oil delegation to get their assistance, and he (Quay) said he (Quay) *would do so*; and he (Quay) said that Mr. Cassatt would see that all propositions that had been made us would be carried out—providing we would support the bill when it came up again."

Another: Vol. V, pages 45 and 46; E. D. Graff, member from Armstrong; scene, Brady House, Harrisburg. Mr. Charles Salter, of Philadelphia, addressing Mr. Graff. (Mr. Graff's testimony) *loquitur*. "Now, in reference to this riot bill," he says, "there are some persons that have claims against the company, or *whatever it is*, (meaning the Pennsylvania Railroad), on account of losses sustained that are willing to throw off part of it, and by that means, he says, a fund has been raised by which we have made an agreement. He says, Kemble, Quay, and the rest of us, he says in this way: WE INTEND IN THE FIRST START TO GIVE $500 FOR A VOTE FOR THIS BILL, AND $1,000 IF THE PARTY MADE A SPEECH;" and he says to me, we do not expect you to make a speech, but, he says, we have talked to these men (Kemble and Quay) about it, and we have agreed to make it $1,000 for you."

And yet again Vol. V, page 48, Mr. J. B. White, member from Warren; scene: the hall of the House of Representatives, Harrisburg. *Dramatis personæ*, the member from Warren, and Mr. Charles Salter, of Philadelphia. Mr. Salter has under discussion Mr. Long's amendment to the riot bill. Mr. Salter, *loquitur*: "I wish you would go and talk the matter over with Mr. Quay, and, I think, if you understood the matter better you would vote for it. *It might be for your advantage to go down and talk this matter over with* MR. QUAY."

More: Volume V, pages 73, 74, 75 and 76. Mr. Cargill, member from Susquehanna, deposes: He was approached by one Crawford: "Mr. Crawford told me that those that supported that bill (the Pittsburg riot bill)—the first he told me they would get $300 each, and afterwards he told me they would get $500 each, and after that he told me they would get $1,000 each that supported the bill on third reading. It would not be given them for their votes, but still they would get that amount of money."

* * * * * * *

Question by Mr. Rhoads: "Did he offer to take you to anybody to see that you would be sure of this money?"

Answer: "Yes. That last mentioned person said there were two men that would be responsible for the pay."

"Did he say who the men were?"

Answer: "One was Quay; the other was Kemble."

Once more: Vol. V, pages 113 and 114. Scene: Senate Chamber, Harrisburg. *Dramatis personæ*. Mr. P. S. Bowman, member from York, and Mr. Charles Salter, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Bowman, *loquitur*: "And then he (Salter) told me that it would be advisable for me, as a border man, to vote for the Pittsburg riot bill, in order to get our bill through. I told him I could not do it. * * * * and I would enter into no combination. He then told me I could study over this matter, and perhaps I could vote for it, that there was a consideration of a thousand dollars in it, and I should see him and he would take me to Quay & Co., *and they would make matters all right*, and that I should not be afraid of getting the money—that the money would be all right, and that I would get the money from Blake Walters."

Now look at this picture:

ARTICLE XVII., section 8, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, commended to the attention of Mr. Cassett and Mr. Quay, and the public generally: "No railroad or railway shall grant free passes or passes at a discount to any persons except officers or employes of the company."

ARTICLE V., Section 30: "Any person who shall directly or indirectly offer, give or promise any money or any thing of value, testimonial, privilege or personal advantage to any executive or judicial officer or member of the general assembly to influence him in the performance of his public or official duties shall be guilty of bribery and be punished in such a manner as is provided by law."

SECTION 31. The offence of corrupt solicitation of members of the general assembly or public officers of the State, or of any municipal division thereof, or any occupation or practice of solicitation of such members, or officers to influence their official action, shall be defined by law and shall be punished by fine and imprisonment.

ARTICLE VIII, Section 1. (The temptation offered by "Quay & Co." includes by the testimony offered above, both Kemble and Cassatt) subjected any member of the assembly influenced thereby or receiving the same, to this penalty incorporated in the oath of office he must take before he took his seat:

* * "and any person who shall be convicted of having sworn or affirmed falsely, or of having violated said oath or affirmation that he will not receive or be influenced by any bribe or consideration of any kind offered for his vote, *shall forfeit his office*; and any person who shall be convicted of having sworn or affirmed falsely, *or of having violated said oath*, SHALL BE GUILTY OF BRIBERY AND FOREVER BE DISQUALIFIED FROM HOLDING ANY OFFICE OF TRUST OR PROFIT WITHIN THIS COMMONWEALTH.

And yet that is the fate "Quay & Co." invited the members of Assembly to when they sought with bribes their votes for the Pittsburg riot bill in 1877.

Citizens shall it be "QUAY & CO." or the CONSTITUTION? Shall it be an honest man or a self-convicted criminal, whom the law defines as unfit for office and fit for imprisonment and fine?—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

The Beginning of Sickness.

Never trifle with what are called small ailments. If you feel inert, with a bitter or bad taste in your mouth, loss of appetite, bowels costive, resort at once to Simmons Liver Regulator. For the miseries of dyspepsia—and they include almost every unpleasant feeling that belongs to physical disease and mental wretchedness—this potent medicine, Simmons Liver Regulator, is a certain and speedy cure.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For sale by E. James.

An Irish Weapon.

According to the English newpapers, the Irish, in the employment of boycotting, have secured an agency that is more formidable than any of the hostile measures which that people has resorted to for the purpose of antagonizing its opponents. "There can be no doubt," says the *Telegraph*, of London, "that the rapid extension over Ireland of the system of boycotting is the most serious because the most subtle danger that has ever confronted English statesmen. An open rebellion would be of very slight importance compared to it; * * * even an epidemic of crime, such as prevailed in the winter of 1881, and culminated in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, would be merely an occasion for an improved police."

The resort to boycotting is something that the law cannot reach, for it is not, in its tangible operations, in the nature of an unlawful conspiracy. As the Chicago *Times* points out, the law cannot prevent a person from declining to deal with a grocer, or a butcher, to exchange visits with a neighbor, or to sell goods to an applicant. It is easy to see that the weapon is a terrible one especially when its use cannot be forbidden. A person who is being boycotted might as well live in the centre of a desert. The grocer will not supply him with his goods, the tailor will not make him his clothes, the laborer will not work for him, he cannot get the assistance of the physician, the medicines of the apothecary, a shoe for his horse, or any of the thousand and one things which appertain to the comforts, the luxuries, the necessities of life. Such a person is in a condition of complete isolation. So far as all the relations which go to make up social existence are concerned, he is as much alone as if he were in Central Africa without a human being within a thousand miles.

It is difficult to see what the English will do to rid themselves of this new infliction. They cannot resort to legal measures for the reason that the cases will have to be tried before Irlish juries, who would not be likely to find the refusal to sell goods to a particular person a legal crime, any more than they would convict doctors of one school who should decline to "consult" with members of some other school. Boycotting, if followed up persistently, will drive every English sympathizer out of every disaffected district in Ireland.—*Pittsburg Post.*

DAHOMEY'S CRUEL "CUSTOM."—The system of "warfare" followed by the Dahomians is the usual barbarous one of surprise. When the King declares war, a formality which he carefully observes year after year, he rarely tells even the chief 'caboceers" the name of the town he intends to attack. The army marches out, and when within a day's journey or so of its unhappy objective point silence at pain of death is enjoined, and no fires are permitted to be lighted. All stragglers are taken prisoners, and the army is led through a road cut through the bush, and not along the regular highways. The town is surrounded in dead of night, and just before daybreak a rush is made, and every man, woman and child not killed in the melee is captured, if possible, and sent to the Dahomian capital, Abomey, where some grace the succeding custom (annual sacrificial ceremonies) and others are sent as slaves to different parts of the kingdom. Cannibalism, or something that approaches it very nearly, enters into the rites of the ninth or concluding ceremony of the yearly custom. Four men, known as the menduton or cannibals, each furnished with sharpened sticks by way of fork and knife, are stationed in front of the platform from which the victims are thrown before decapitation. When the first captive is beheaded they take the body and cut on pieces of the flesh, which they rub with palm oil to roast over a fire kindled in the square before the platform. The human flesh is then skewered on the pointed sticks and carried round before the crowd, after which these fiends parade before the State prisoners, and go through the action of eating the sickening morsels. They chew the human meat before the terrified captives, but do not swallow it, and when they have worked upon the fears of the poor wretches for a sufficient time they retire, and, spitting out the chewed flesh, take strong native medicine, which acts as an emetic, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the dose is by no means stinted.—*Capt. Stewart Stephens in Pall Mall Gazette.*

AN ABSURD AND UNJUST LAW.—The Pennsylvania statute declaring void all charitable bequests where the will has not been executed more than thirty days before the testator's death is continually working injustice. A fresh instance occurred in the Orphan's Court yes erday. A woman died leaving her property to an aunt during life; at the aunt's death it was to go to a cousin, if he survived, or if not, to certain charities. But the woman's will cannot be carried out, because it was executed within thirty days of her death, and the whole property escheats to the State.

This is manfestly unjust and wrong, assuming that any respect is to be paid to a last will and testament. There was no reason why this woman should not dispose of her property as she saw fit. If she had been of unsound mind or subject to undue influence the courts would have been competent to inquire into the case. But the Legislature, by an arbitrary statute that was conceived in bigotry, has erected an artificial condition. If the woman had lived a month after she made her will her bequests would have been respected; dying on the twenty-ninth day, only a part of her will was valid and the rest must be disregarded.

No doubt a prudent person will not wait till his last illness to make a will; but considering how nearly universal this particular imprudence is, such statutory restrictions appear all the more unreasonable. They have neither right nor justice, public policy nor common sense to justify them and it is a disgrace to Pennsylvania so short-sighted a piece of petty bigotry should remain on the statute books.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE Deadwood, Dakota, *Times* announces that Chief Justice Edgerton, of that Territory, has resigned for the purpose of entering the field against Judge Moody for the United States Senatorship, and that one Bartlett Tripp has gone to Washington to deliver Edgerton's resignation to the President, with the expectation that he will be appointed to the vacancy. In view of the fact that Dakota has not yet been admitted as a State, and that it is not likely to be so admitted for several years yet, the wild hunt after office now being inaugurated by the Republican statesmen of that Territory would seem to be a little premature. She has a wonderfully large supply of patriots anxious and ready to serve her when she becomes a State in the capacity of Governor, United States Senators, Congressman, and in other positions, but as they won't be "open for settlers" for a good while yet they will have to "wait for the wagon" before they can "all take a ride."

How young old people look who have never been seriously ill and who never worry and fret. How old young people look who stew and fret and suffer pain—all at once. But we can't altogether help our disposition, and we will sometimes get out of sorts in spite of all our caution. Then we need the best the simplest and the safest medicine known, which is Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Purifies the blood and renews vitality in old young.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The Wabash river, once one of the finest streams in the country, is drying up for want of attention. Twenty years ago scores of steamboats ascended the river annually. Now the sight of one is such a novelty as to draw big crowds wherever it lands.

—Saturday at noon Paul Thompson, while on horseback driving some cattle in a public road near Avondale, Chester County, was thrown from his horse and killed, his neck being broken by the fall. Deceased was about twenty-one years of age and unmarried.

—On Tuesday afternoon a cave-in occurred at a small coal mine on Sharp mountain in the suburbs of Pottsville, burying a miner named Andrew Murphy. A rescuing party at once set to work but up to midnight Murphy had not been reached, although his voice could be heard, showing that he was still alive.

—Spain is having built in Great Britain five cruisers, at a cost of $6,000,000. They are to be fitted with the most effective machinery for speed, and the very best long range guns. The object of Spain is said to be to so build up the navy so to cope with Germany in case there should be any outbreak of the Carolines difficulty.

—William Snyder and Thomas Jetton, two Indiana farmers, near South Bend quarreled over a sheep, and renewed an old feud. Snyder struck Jetton with a log-chain and Jetton fired five shots into Snyder's body. Snyder dropped dead in a lane near by. Jetton is in jail and pleads self-defense.

—John Bristor, a patent medicine vender, is under arrest in Baltimore on the charge of having swindled David Hanway out of twelve hundred and fifty dollars. The work was done last Friday at an agricultural fair at Belaire, Md., and the old bunco game was played on Hanway, who is a farmer and 77 years of age. Bristor's confederates have not been captured.

—Ibor Williams, a boy fifteen years old, employed as door tender at the Dodsen Colliery of the Plymouth Coal company, near Wilkesbaire, fell from the ascending carriage Thursday evening of last week to the bottom, 570 feet below. His body was literally torn and broken to pieces, and the remains were gathered up and brought to the surface in a sack.

—Two children of Mrs. Kamberger, the wife of a saw-mill hand, residing at No. 81 Sheriff street, New York on Saturday morning took a lighted candle under the bed and set it on fire. The children rushed from the room and Lena, the seven-months old baby who was lying on the bed, was burned to death when the firemen arrived and extinguished the flames. Only a few hundred dollars damage was done by the flames.

—William Bocker was ground to pieces by a train on the Catawissa bridge of the Reading railroad on Sunday. He was walking on the track towards his residence when the fast freight en route for Williamsport ran over him. An hour was occupied in picking up his remains, piece by piece, which were scattered in all di ections. He was 72 years of age and one of the founders of Shenandoah, Pa.

—The second section of a freight train running from Lebanon to Harrisburg over the Lebanon Valley road, ran into the first section of the train at Annville on Monday morning. The engine of the second section was badly damaged, and about twenty cars were piled up in a wreck, that tore up and blocked both tracks. The engineers and firemen jumped from their engines. The accident was caused by a dense fog. Loss about $20,000.

—It is stated at Montreal, Canada, that the vacancy in the College of Cardinals, created by the death of Cardinal McCloskey, will be filled by Archbishop Taschereau, of Quebec. When one of the Canadian bishops went to Rome some time ago, in connection with the matter of the divison of the diocese of Three Rivers, Cardinal Simeoni pledged him his word that in case of a vacancy occurring in the college he would use all possible means to have it filled by Archbishop Taschereau.

—The will of the late Cardinal John McCloskey was filed for probate in the Surrogate's office, New York, on Saturday afternoon. The document is brief. He directs his executors to pay all his just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses immediately after his decease. Then he bequeathes to Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, and Bishop McNierny, of Albany, all the remainder of his estate, appointing them at the same time executors of his will

—On Tuesday night Mrs. Muldoon of Youngstown, Ohio, reported to the police that she had been robbed of over $2 000 and that her fourteen-year old son Tom was missing. Search was instituted by officers and before midnight the boy was found in a shed asleep with his pockets weighed down with gold and silver and two thousand dollars in bills on his person. He was near the railroad and it is supposed he intended to leave the city. The money was restored to the mother and the boy locked up.

—Boon's mountain, near Bigler, Pa., has been the scene of a thrilling and fatal hunting adventure. Two young trappers, named Albert Archer and Richard Anson, while on the Clearfield side of the mountain, heard the cry of a panther. Archer went in the direction of the animal, leaving his companion to follow. Reaching clearing in the forest, Archer came upon the feline. Before he could raise his rifle the cougar pounced upon him and inflicted such terrible injuries with its teeth and claws that, upon the arrival of Anson, Archer was dead. Anson fired several shots at the retreating creature, but none of them took effect. The lumbermen have organized a hunting party, and a rigorous search will be made for the panther.

—Several weeks ago a large cat was locked up in the cellar of a dry-goods store at Louisville, Ky., and has since refused to be released from its dark abode. The animal had been without food and water so long, and had become so ravenous that it was considered dangerous to enter the cellar. No one had gone down for over a week, and it was supposed the cat was dead. A little cash boy who volunteered to make the attempt yesterday morning was permitted to go into the cellar with a lantern. He had scarcely entered when the clerk heard agonizing screams, and rushing down found the little fellow vainly attempting to free himself from the ferocious animal, which had fastened its fangs in his left hand, and was lacerating his arms with its claws. The cat was finally killed, and the boy's hand was found to be very much injured. The thumb was so badly bitten that it may require amputation.

—On last Friday morning, as the wife of Jean Baptiste Romilly, a farmer in St. Vincent de Paul, Canada, a village about ten miles from Montreal, was feeding her foxes while her child, aged about two years, was playing around, suddenly a large bald eagle swooped down and bore the little one off in its talons. The child screamed and extended its arms to its mother, who was beside herself with mental agony, but was powerless to render assistance. The screams of the child, however, attracted the neighbors, who with shot-guns pursued the eagle. The bird was seen to alight with his prey upon the roof a barn a mile distant. Lifting up its head, with one powerful stroke it drove its beak into the child's head and then began its horrid feast. At the near approach of the neighbors, who were firing guns to frighten it, the eagle took flight, leaving the child behind. When the body was recovered life was extinct. The skull was split in two and part had been devoured.

—Sixty million people speak the German language, 45 000,000 the French, and 100,000,000 the English.

—Five pocketbooks that were den uded of money were found in one of the special trains from the Mount Holly Fair on Friday. They had been discarded by pickpockets.

—A farm in Carbon county, for which the owner paid $500 a few years ago, was purchased last week dy a syndicate for $27,000, on the report of an assayer that there are immense quantities of silver and copper underlying the farm.

—A little girl in Watertown, N. Y., dying of scarlet fever, wished to send a kiss by letter to a former playmate. She kissed the letter and had it sent. The little girl who received the letter very naturally kissed it also. From that kiss she caught the fever and died.

—John Lynch, a lad sixteen years old, was crawling under some cars at Renovo, Clinton county on Friday evening when they started, and four wheels passed over him, mangling both legs and one arm. His father was killed by the cars at Driftwood about four months ago.

—The following appointments were made by the Governor on Saturday: Furman Sheppard, of Philadelphia, to be Inspector of the Eastern Penitentiary (a reappointment); Samuel Gay, of Pottsville to be Inspector of Mines of the Seventh anthracite district, and William Shine, of Girardville, to be Mine Inspector of the Fifth district.

—A few days ago Mrs. Almanor, of Xenia, Ohio, disappeared from her home, and was found wandering in the creek in a demented condition. On last Friday morning she jumped from a second-story window of her father-in-law's house, fracturing her skull. Her recovery is impossible. She became mentally unbalanced a year ago by the death of a child.

—Mr. Robert Perry, a citizen of Perquimans county, Ga., was buried with the clothes in which he died. After that it was discovered that though he was known to be well off in money, none could be found. It was then suggested by some member of the family that perhaps money and valuable papers had been buried with the deceased, being in his every-day clothes. The body was then taken up after being underground for two months, and in his coat pocket were valuable papers and $2 500 in greenbacks.

—A will in which the testator, a Bridgeport, (Conn.) man, directed, "I will that no one of my connections shall have a dollar; also that no one of my wife's connections shall have a dollar," is now occupying the attention of the courts of that State. His will provides that two charitable bequests shall be paid and the rest of his property turned into cash to be used discretionally by the selectmen of Bridgeport for the special benefit of the "worthy, deserving, poor, Democratic, American Protestant widows" residing in Bridgeport. A decision is expected this month.

—Two murders were committed in Fayette county, on Saturday night. Two brothers named Tasker, while intoxicated, attacked the house occupied by Ira Tate, at Haydontown, and threw a club at Tate's wife, severely injuring her. Tate fired at them with a shot gun and Bell Tasker was instantly killed. Tate surrendered himself to the sheriff to day. The other murder was also committed in an attack on a house occupied by Michael Borilla, on the outskirts of town. Borilla resisted and was shot and killed by one of the negroes named Robert Scott. The murderer has not been arrested.

I never patronize patent medicines. Don't you? Why not? You patronize "patent" articles of a hundred other varieties—why not patent medicines. Because they are often worthless." True, but not always. Frequently they are the very best in the world, representing the widest experience. At least we know that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is one of these. Tried for all troubles of the blood, liver and urinary organs it stands on its merits, and not on advertising.

Take all in all.

—Take all the *Kidneys* and Liver *Medicines*

—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,

—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and Indisgestion *cures*,

—Take all the *Ague*, Fever, and Bilious *specifics*

—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revives*

—Take all the *Great* health restorers.

In short, take all the best qualities of all these and the—*best*,

—*Qualities* of all the best medicin-s in the world, and you will find that—*Hop*

—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all—*concentrated* in them,

—And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—*combined*. Fail !!!!

—A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."

—A WORKINGMAN.

Be None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of **Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia,** and **Pulmonary Consumption,** and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of **Croup,** the alleviation of **Whooping Cough,** and the cure of **Colds** and **Influenza,** ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass

Sold by all Druggists.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

MALARIAL POISON.

The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year has its origin in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman writing from South America says: "I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for malarial fevers on the Isthmus of Panama."

TAKE

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR,

A Purely Vegetable Medicine.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

FOR

MALARIOUS FEVERS,
BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
JAUNDICE,
COLIC,
RESTLESSNESS,
MENTAL DEPRESSION,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION,
NAUSEA,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA, &c

If you feel drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

It is given with safety, and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. It takes the place of quinine and bitters of every kind. It is the cheapest, purest and best family medicine in the world.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO. Philadelphia.

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OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

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AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 31, 1885.

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Centre, Extension and Breakfast Tables,
CHAIRS, CUPBOARDS, SINKS,
BED SPRING MATTRESSES,

and in fact nearly everything pertaining to the Furniture business. A special point is made in the line manufactured in the United States sold at the lowest catalogue prices.

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of all kind of Furniture, Chairs, Lounges, &c promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Ware room on High street, opposite the Congregational church. Please call and examine goods whether you wish to purchase or not.

E. B. CRESSWELL.

Ebensburg, April 18, 1884.-tf.

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OVER 1,000,000

BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE 25 CTS.

COUGH SYRUP

DON'T FORGET THAT

DR. LINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER

ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

R. E. SELLERS & CO. Props. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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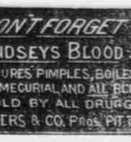

PIANOS: New mode of Stringing. Do not require to be tuned so much as Pianos on the prevailing system. Remarkable for power, purity of tone and durability.

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Illustrated American STOCK BOOK A treatment of diseases of Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Sheep; record of best horses; how to train them, &c. Thousands sold in the West. No farmer can afford to be without it. ROBERT BONNER says: "It is the best work of the kind I ever saw." Price: cloth, $5; leather, $5.75. Sent prepaid. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory Given. Knickerbocker Subscription Agency, P. O. Box 930. 183 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

The Best **BUTTER**

For COLOR and SWEETNESS Use BEAN'S CONCENTRATED Extract of Annatto. Nature's own Color. Brightest and Strongest. Buy of your Merchant, or send 25 cts. in stamps for a sample, coloring 500

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - OCT. 23, 1885.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

...here and the Other Place.

—Winter will soon be upon us.

—Subscribe for, and read this paper.

—For fresh oysters go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The matrimonial market is somewhat dull.

—For fresh groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Make a solemn vow before tackling the disagreeable not to swear.

—For the best flour in the market go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The Tyrone paper mill is to be largely increased in size and capacity.

—Both the candidates for Governor of New York are bachelors.

—A Kittanning genius has patented what he terms the "Famous Thirteen Puzzle."

—The Cresson and Coalport railroad will be ready for business about the 1st of December.

—Parties wishing oysters stews will be accommodated at the Sugar Bowl, and don't you forget it.

—There has been very little wife-beating in Maryland since the whipping-post law went into effect.

—The hunting and killing of deer is now legal, but it is not lawful to hound them. Keep off the dogs.

—A company has been organized in Hundington for the purpose of starting up a large shoe factory at that place.

—Mr. Thomas Carland, a prominent citizen of Altoona, died in that city on Monday evening, aged about 49 years.

—Hon. A. V. Barker, Chairman of the Prohibition State committee, is booked for three speeches in Bradford county.

—John H. Brown, Esq., has rented the house belonging to the estate of John Dougherty, deceased, on High street.

—Mr. Lewis Edwards, of Cambria township and Rev. E. C. Morgan, will sail today (Friday,) from New York to Liverpool on a visit to Wales.

—It is estimated that there were over fifteen marriages in Pennsylvania during the week previous to the taking effect of the new marriage law.

—John Siegel, living near Indiana, Pa., has raised the champion squash this season. It measures seven feet eight inches around, and weighs 385 pounds.

—John Boyle, residing near Baker's Mines in Blair county, aged 86 years, shot himself in the thigh on Monday last while carelessly handling a loaded revolver.

—Justice Gordon, of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, declares that the Act of assembly giving officers of counties of the second class salaries is unconstitutional.

—A school month is twenty days. The State Superintendent rules that school boards contracting for twenty-two days will forfeit their share of the State appropriation.

—Mr. Ed. Mason, of the East ward, was awarded the contract for building the fence around the new dam of the water works on Saturday, his bid $79.00, being the lowest.

—Sadie E. Sharp, a 17 year old Rock Forge girl, attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum on Saturday. She was saved by the prompt administration of the proper remedies.

—Mr. John Storm, the contractor for the new barn at the Almshouse, has a force of carpenters and masons at work, but is laboring under the disadvantage of the inclemency of the weather.

—Mr. Michael McGann, of Altoona, has been doing duty as engineer on the branch for the past week owing to Mr. Bart. McCabe, the regular engineer being slightly ill injured but not seriously ill.

—Mrs. Morris Rumery, of Glen Hope, Clearfield county, daughter of Mr. Richard Thomas, deceased, of this place, is lying seriously ill at the residence of her sister, Mrs. James Bartnett, of Johnstown.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones has just received the largest lot of ladies' and children's coats ever brought to Ebensburg, at prices to suit every one—also a large lot of ladies', youth's and children's scarlet and white underwear.

—A man named James Keener, who was attending the county fair at Greensburg on Thursday of last week, was knocked down and robbed on the Main street of the town shortly after dark. The thieves are not known.

—The law requiring finger boards at public road crossings, which has never heretofore been observed in this neighborhood is now being obeyed, quite a number having been recently erected in Cambria township.

—Everything is advancing in price lately, which is an indication that good times are coming. The price of hides has lately advanced and Messrs. Kirschner & Co., tanners of this place, are paying the advanced price.

—A great saving is made in feeding stock by cutting the feed. And a great saving in time is made by using a first-class feed cutter. You can get a good cutter at Dufton & Son's at a very low price. Call and see them.

—The following named persons can each get a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post office: Samuel Gibbs, Miss Emma Hewson, Miss Annie Jones, Miss Sadie E. Hinebaugh, Martin Lyman, Rev. S. A. Moore.

—Lucias Gryves, who was at one time a resident of Altoona, where he was employed as an engineer between Altoona and Pittsburgh, was killed in a railroad accident on Wednesday last in Massachusetts, where he was employed as an engineer.

—Though numerous causes may operate to turn the hair gray, all that is needed to restore the natural color is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. For more than twenty years its sales have been enormous, but we have yet to learn of its first failure.

—The application of Jack Laporte, convicted of murder in the second degree, for a new trial, was heard at Huntingdon on Friday last. The application was refused, and the prisoner was sentenced to six years' imprisonment in the Western penitentiary.

—At the session of the Board of Pardons at Harrisburg, on Tuesday last, the case of Jerry McClain, of Mifflin county, sentenced to be hanged was set down for Monday next, when it will be decided on its merits alone, as if it had never come before the board.

—The contract for digging the trench from the new dam up to the water works, and filling up the same after the pipe is laid, was let on Saturday last to Messrs. Davis & Tibbott, of the East ward, the contract price being $89.00. Some of the bids run up to $167.00.

—Jacob O'Neil, known as prisoner No. 2337, died in the Western penitentiary on last Monday night. He was tried and sent from this county at March term, 1883, for burglarizing the shoe store of Mr. John D. Edwards, of Johnstown and sentenced to two years.

—The last day of the county fair at Indiana, Pa., was a bonanza for the business men. One restaurant keeper had to employ 11 assistants, and sold 3,000 oysters, 1,000 eggs, 1,500 ham sandwiches, 600 layer cakes 25,000 toby cigars, and other things in proportion.

—Two mammoth steers, one weighing 3,700 pounds and the other 3,467 pounds are on exhibition at the Greensburg fair this week. The largest stood nearly 17 hands high and measured 11 feet and 7 inches about the girt. They were owned by a stock dealer in Poughkeipsie, N. Y.

—Some of General Grant's latest letters were written to his friend Admiral Ammen. Copious extracts from these letters appear in the November number of the *North American Review*. They give Grant's first general impressions of foreign countries, and are very interesting, also, in other respects.

—An elastic step, buoyant spirits, and clear complexion, are the results of pure blood. The possessor of healthy blood enjoys a clearness of perception, impossible when the blood is heavy with impurities. Take Ayer,s Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and vitalizer.

—Mr. H. A. McPike, of the Altoona *Times*, paid the town a short visit on Friday last, but only tarried a few hours, returning to Altoona the same day. His object in coming was to see his brother-in-law, Mr. Martin Ward, Jr., who, we are sorry to say is very ill with that fatal disease, consumption.

—Now is the time to commence making arrangements for getting out every Democratic vote. Let every sound and healthy Democrat appoint himself a committee of one to take to the polls some aged or infirm voter, who could not well get to the polls without assistance. We have the votes, get them out so that they will count.

—Under the new law a blank will be furnished to every taxable, which must be filled up and sworn to. A great amount of additional work will devolve upon the assessors and county commissioners and a large amount of additional expense will be entailed upon the county, while the additional taxes collected will go to the State.

—The new school house at Bulah, in Cambria township, has been completed and is fitted up with the latest improved style of school furniture. The school was to have opened on Monday last, but as the desks did not arrive in time the day of commencement was put off until next Monday. Miss Laura Beynon, of this place, is the teacher.

—The iron work for the new bridge over the Susquehanna at Garman's Mills, arrive here by railroad in the beginning of the week, and teams have been engaged hauling it out to its destination for the past few days. An Ohio Bridge company has the contract for its erection and when completed it will be the first iron bridge built in the north of the county.

—On Friday last crew of extra freight No. 885 found the dead body of a man lying on the railroad track near East Conemaugh, with the right leg and arm broken and several cuts about the head and face. He is supposed to have been riding on a freight train and fell off. He was about thirty years of age, and had sandy hair. His remains were buried by the poor authorities.

—The best place to buy clothing in Altoona is at the Rochester One-price Clothing house, No. 1308 Eleventh Avenue. Mr. Charles Latterner is now employed there, and people from this county will find him ever ready to give them bargains in all kinds of clothing and gent's furnishing goods. Don't forget when you go to Altoona that 1308 Eleventh Avenue is the place.

—Wm. Scott and Mary Furst, of Waynesburg, applied for and obtained a marriage license. Then calling in witnesses the man said: "We acknowledge ourselves husband and wife." This acknowledgment is all the law requires, and saved the fee of either alderman or preacher. It was the shortest marriage ceremony on record in the history of Greene county.

—The first settlers of this county had to endure a great many privations and hardships that the people of to-day never dream of. Among the many luxuries and comforts that are enjoyed by the people of today, one of the greatest is the fact of being able to step into John Owens' store on High street where you can buy dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions of the best quality at the very lowest prices.

—A man named John Lloyd was admitted to the Almshouse last week, who was said to be partially insane, but whose appearances and actions inpicated that a hostility to work was the strongest hallucination of his unbalanced mind. He claimed to be a carpenter and the next morning he was given a job on a wagon shed that was being built, but after working a short time remarked that "he could get a living any place if he had to work," took his departure for some institution better adapted to his comfort.

—The house of Mrs. Sarah Brooks, a widow woman, aged eighty-three, living three miles from Dunois, Clearfield county, was entered Thursday morning of last week between 12 and 1 o'clock by four masked men. John Brooks, a son of Mrs. Brooks, aged sixty years, was terribly beaten with clubs by the men, and his condition is critical. Mrs. Brooks and her granddaughter, a girl of fourteen, were terrorized but unharmed. About $6 in money, two watches, and a gun were stolen. Threats of lynching the marauders are made.

—Charley Michaels, of Johnstown, was brought to jail on Tuesday last, sentenced to one years' imprisonment in the county jail for beating his wife. He has served several terms before for the same offence, and unless disabled by accident or his career cut short by death will more than likely serve several more for the same offence, as imprisonment in the county jail has no terrors for him. Nothing short of the whipping-post would have a beneficial effect on him and it certainly would save a large amount to the tax payers, who must pay for his boarding in the county jail.

—Wednesday was a notable day for the astronomical world. At 7 o'clock in the morning the long-expected epoch of the peripheliom of Saturn occurred. It is twenty-nine and one-half years since the occurrence of a similar event, and in that period Saturn has travelled more than five billions of miles and now looks the sun in the face from a standpoint one hundred billions of miles nearer to the central orb than when, fifteen years ago, he passed Aphelion, or his most distant point from the sun. At the same time the earth approaches a point where her small orb is almost between the sun and Saturn, and hence profits largely by the proximity.

—While assisting to extinguish a fire among the rafters of the roof of blast furnace No. 6, of the Cambria Iron company at Johnstown on Monday last, Jacob Miller, who was on a ladder at the time and looking up, was struck on the upper lip by a falling slate that was torn off the roof and his lip almost severed from his face and left hanging down over his chin. He was immediately taken to Dr. W. B. Lowman's office, the wound dressed and the injured lip stiched back to its place, but whether it will unite again seems to be a matter of some doubt, and it may be that he will be permanently disfigured.

—The Authors' *Review* for September reflects credit upon the enterprising publisher, Percy F. Smith. The author of "Hom Sweet Home" is the leading theme, with a likeness of Payne, followed by an illustrated paper on Washington. "Happy Childhood," a picture of General Grant's birth place, and the appropriate engravings in the children's department (very attractive), lift this Pittsburg publication on a plane with many more pretentions publications. In short the manner in which the *Review* is conducted reflects credit upon the pudlisher and editor. It is a very attractive and useful publication.—[*Chronicle Telegraph, Aug. 24, '85.*

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia.

—About 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning Conductor Gilchrist's freight train broke while descending the mountain, near Wilmore, and the two sections collided, wrecking thirty one cars. Twenty five of the cars were thrown over the embankment into the creek and the other six were piled up in an indiscriminate heap on both tracks, completely blockading the road. Fortunately all the trainmen escaped injury. The wreck crews from East Conemaugh and Gallitzin were sent for and soon arrived, but the morning passenger trains were delayed from three to four hours. No blame appears to attach to the trainmen. The loss will amount to many thousands of dollars.

Admiral Ammen, it appears, was very desirous to bring General Grant into active connection with opening the Nicaragua Canal, and on that point he says this :

"Had not circumstances, partly apparent to all, served as a prevention, there are substantial reasons for believing that General Grant would have taken positive action looking to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and that a fair statement, laid before the American people, would have brought superabundant capital to execute a work that, even with very low rates of tolls, would be remunerative to a degree; and by reason of its relative economy of construction, actually freed from any possible rivalry."

—"Nobody ever reads advertisements," said a merchant to the editor. "Tell you what I'll do," replied the editor; "I'll put you in an advertisement in the smallest type in the office and place it in the most obscure corner of the paper, and if you do not acknowledge within two weeks that several persons have read it, I'll give you a two-column 'ad' one year for nothing." "All right," said the merchant, and the editor inserted the following: "Wanted—1,000 cats, dogs, of all ages, breeds and sizes, for which a liberal price will be paid. John Jones, No. 42 Blank street. The editor called around the following week to see if Mr. J., had heard from the advertisement, but he was too late. Jones had committed suicide the day before.

Coalport, Pa., Oct. 20, 1885.

Having lately arrived and driven my stake in the city of Coalport I know full well that a letter from here will interest your many readers. This town is situated along the waters of the Clearfield creek 5 or 6 miles north of Fallen Timber. There are three distinct towns here, viz.: Coalport, Blaine City and Rosebub. Judging from appearances the population of all must be in the neighborhood of 2,000. We have a number of grocery stores, two hardware's, jewelry stores, attorney offices, dentists, M. D's, shoemakers, two liveries, candy factory, soft drink factory, two planing mills, furniture establishments, barbers, restaurants, pool and billiard tables, skating rinks, three hotels and another in course of erection. The Clearfield House, formerly Bennett House, is open for guests and the proprietor will gladly welcome all his Cambria friends as well as all others that call at his office either on business or pleasure. The Messrs. Flynn's have a saw mill here, which is really a jumbo of its kind. 25,000 to 40,000 feet of lumber is turned out by it every day, besides all the waste is cut up by small saws into different small varieties of lumber. Coal and lumber are the chief productions of the surrounding country. Provisions of all kinds are sold here at about the same rates as you pay for them there, the only difference in a business way is that the dealers sell principally for cash. The track on the Cresson and Coalport road is laid up the creek from here a distance of 2½ miles. A large force of men are at work laying the track and other ways completing the road. When I become better acquainted I will call again. Muchly yours, JOE.

Sheriff's Deeds Confirmed.

D A. Luther, Esq., high Sheriff of Cambria county offered the following deeds for confirmation on Tuesday last:

His deed to David Teeter for lot in Conemaugh borough. Sold as the property of William H. Morgan and Martha Morgan, for $600.

His deed to David M. Luden for lot in Ebensburg borough. Sold as the property of William L. Shinafelt, for $40.

His deed to Anthony Sanker for lot in Gallitzin borough. Sold as the property of Elizabeth C. Brady and Ellen Parrish, for $700.

His deed to C. L. Dick for lot in Stonycreek township. Sold as the property of Jeremiah Oaks, for $9.

His deed to Cambria Iron company for lot in Prospect borough. Sold as the property of Hugh Gallagher, for $200.

His deed to A. V. Barker for 71 acres of land in White township. Sold as the property of Charles Gauntner, for the sum of $780.

When in the Wrong Channel

The bile wrecks grievous injury Headaches, constipation, pain in the liver and stomach, jaundice, nausea ensue. A few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will reform these evils and prevent further injury. It is a pleasant aperient, its action upon the bowels being unaccompanied by griping. The liver is both regulated and stimulated by it, and as it is very impolitic to disregard disorder of that organ, which through neglect may culminate in dangerous congestion and hepatic abscess, the Bitters should be resorted to an early stage. Failure to do this renders a contest with the malady more protracted. Fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles are remedied by this fine medicine, and the increasing infirmities of age mitigated by it. It may be also used in convalescence with advantage, as it hastens the restoration of vigor.

ARGUMENT COURT.—Argument Court convened on Monday last with President Judge Jonhnston and Associate Judges Flanagan and Masters on the bench. Owing to a great many of the attorneys having been absent last week at the session of the Supreme Court in Pittsburg and having in consequence had but little time to prepare their cases, but little business was done and the entire list was continued, with the exception of a motion for a new trial in the cases of the Commonwealth vs. Harriet Faloon; same vs. William F. Cook and same vs. Andrew Mulherron. The motions were after argument refused in each case and the parties sentenced. The terms of their sentence will be found in another column. Court adjourned on Tuesday morning until Monday, the 9th of November next, when the cases now on the Argument list will be heard.

Prisoners Sentenced.

Mrs. Harriet Faloon, of Johnstown, who was convicted at last court of keeping a bawdy house, was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment in county jail for eleven months

William F. Cook, who was convicted of embezzlement, was sentenced to pay a fine of $10, costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment in county jail for a term of ninety days.

Andrew Mulherron, who plead guilty to the charge of embezzlement on three indictments, was sentenced in the first case to pay a fine of $20, costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for the term of one year and in the other two cases sentence was suspended.

The most obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff and is easily applied. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

For fifteen years I have been greatly annoyed with this disgusting disease, which caused severe pain in my head, continued dropping into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. By a thorough use for six months of Ely's Cream Balm I have entirely overcome these troubles—J. B. Case, St. Denis Hotel, Broadway, N. N.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

E. James can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the agency for such articles as have well known merit and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising and ever reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, he will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the throat, chest and lungs, and to show our confidence we invite you to call and get a trial bottle free.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood and regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by E. James.

Any man or woman making less than $40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated Madame Dean Spinal Supporting Corsets; also, our Spinal Supporter, Shoulder Brace, and Abdominal Protector Combined (for Men and Boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the Agent $150 monthly. Our Agents report four to twenty sales daily. $3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex. LEWIS SCHIELE & CO., 390 Broadway, N. Y

I have been deaf in one ear for ten years, and partially deaf in the other for two months; have been treated by ear specialty doctors and received no relief. Having used Ely's Cream Balm for about a month, I find myself greatly improved, and can hear well and consider it a most valuable remedy. I had also nasal catarrh, with dropping of mucous into my throat and pain over my eyes, which troubles also have entirely disappeared. —D. B. Yates, Upper Lisle, Broome Co New York.

HYMENEAL.

FARREN—BRANNAN.—Married, at St. John's Catholic church in Altoona, on Monday, October 19th, 1885, by Rev. Father Brielly, Mr. Andrew Farren to Miss Maggie Brannan, both of Altoona.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAMS.—Died, at his residence in Cambria township, on Saturday, October 17th, 1885, Mr. John R. Williams, aged about 90 years.

MAHONEY.—Died, at the Almshouse, Saturday, October 17th, 1885, Mr. Parrick Mahoney. He was admitted from Johnstown on the 15th of August last, suffering from consumption and has no relatives in this county, so far as known.

WILLS.—Died, at the Almshouse, on Tuesday, October 13th, 1885, Miss Theresa Wills, aged about 79 years.

The deceased was insane and had been an inmate of the Almshouse since the 21st of January, 1857, a period of twenty-seven years, eight months and twenty-three days. Her remains were interred in the Almshouse cemetery on Thursday of last week.

BRAWLEY.—Died, at the Blair House in Ebensburg, on Thursday, October 22nd, 1885, Mr. Dennis Brawley, aged 78 years.

The deceased was one of the oldest residents of this community. He was born in Portage township in 1807, on the farm now owned by his nephew, Mr. Gallitzin Brawley, where his parents settled in 1804. When about two years of age his father sold his improvement and bought the farm in Cambria township, now owned by Rev. William Lloyd, about one mile west of Ebensburg, where the family resided for a great many years and where the deceased grew up to manhood. He was a boy when the turnpike was built in 1818 and carried water for the men who worked on the road for his father—who had a contract for making a section of the road. When a young man he commenced the business of wagoning, hauling goods from Baltimore and Philadelphia to Pittsburg over the pike, and he followed that occupation until the building of the canal and Portage railroad, ended the days for the transportation of goods in that way. He then went to boating on the canal and run boats on the Pennsylvania canal up until the time of its abandonment, when he went to Cumberland, and for a number of years, during the period of the late war ran boats on the Cumberland canal. He could recollect when the feasibility of building a turnpike over the Alleghenies was laughed at, when the canal and Portage railroad scheme was thought to be a chimera, and he lived to see them both serve their day of usefulness, when they were each supposed to be the greatest achievement of human progress in carrying of freight across the mountains, and he saw them abandoned one after the other as the inventive genius of the times perfected something better. He was honest and conscientious in all his dealings and of unquestioned integrity.

During his long and industrious life he had acquired a competence, and for the past twenty years had not been engaged in any active business. He was never married, but made his home with Ex-Sheriff Blair, whose wife was his niece. He was a brother of Mr. David Brawley, of Westmoreland county; Ex-Sheriff John Brawley, of Hollidaysburg; Mrs. Catharine Dillon and Elizabeth Hancame, of Minnesota. His funeral will take place at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. Peace to his ashes.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead **sedentary** lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Happy Children.

How to Make Them So—Keep Them in Health and They Will Take Care of the Rest.

The joy of every well-regulated household comes chiefly from the children. Thousands of affectionate parents do not take care of their children. Through ignorance more than culpable neglect they suffer them to fall sick and die, when knowledge might have saved them to love and home. Dr. David Kennedy offers his "Favorite Remedy" as emphatically a medicine for his children—gentle in its action, containing ***no harmful ingredients whatever,*** going straight to the Blood, which, when impure, is the seat and source of disease. "*Favorite Remedy*" is the friend of childhood and should be found in every nursery in the land. Keep it in your house for your children's sake, as well as for your own. Try it and you will be glad you saw this article. Make no mistakes. The medicine is "*Favorite Remedy*" and the proprietor's name and address: Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. One dollar a bottle.

Good Words for a Good Thing.—Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is exactly what it claims to be and deserves the praises that are showered upon it by all who have used it. Mr. Israel H. Snyder, of Saugerties, N. Y., says: "My little daughter was covered with Salt Rheum from head to foot; Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy' cured her. This was two years ago."

We are not in the Habit of Puffing any sort of patent medicines in our columns, but we happen to know Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and can personally testify to the excellence of the medicine whith the Doctor calls "Favorite Remedy." And it is word of sure will persuade anybody to use it and thus find relief from suffering no professional etiquette shall hinder us from saying that word. For diseases of the blood, kidneys and bowels it has no equal. We would not be without it for five times the dollar that it costs.—*Daily Times, Troy, N. Y.*

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath sickening to others. Two died and the rest were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masern, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

GENERAL ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

WHEREAS, by an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the General Elections within this Commonwealth." It is enjoined upon me to give public notice of said elections, and to enumerate in said notice what officers are to be elected, I D. A. LUTHER, High Sheriff of the County of Cambria, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that a General Election will be held in said county of Cambria, on the

THIRD DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1885,

(the same being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month,) at which time State and County officers will be elected as follows:

ONE PERSON for the office of State Treasurer.

ONE PERSON for the office of Sheriff of the County of Cambria.

ONE PERSON for the office of Poor House Director for the county of Cambria.

TWO PERSONS for the office of Jury Commissioners for the county of Cambria.

ONE PERSON for the office of Coroner of the county of Cambria.

I also hereby make known and give notice, that the place for holding the aforesaid election in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within said county are as follows, to wit:

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Allegheny to meet at Bradley's school house, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Blacklick to meet at the house of Abram Makin, deceased, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Cambria to meet at the township school house in Ebensburg borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Cambria, to meet as follows: First ward, at the school house in said ward; Second ward, in the borough lock-up in said ward.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Carroll to meet at the school house in Carrolltown borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Carrolltown to meet at the school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Chest to meet at School House No. 9, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Chest Springs to meet at the house of Jacob Wagner in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Clearfield to meet at School House No. 2, adjoining the village of St. Augustine, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Conemaugh to meet at the school house at Singer's in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Conemaugh to meet as follows: First ward, at the house of Peter Maltzie, in said first ward; Second ward, at the house of John Swartzman, in said Second ward.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Cooperstown to meet at the school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Croyle to meet at the school house in the village of Summerhill, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Dean to meet at Richlands' school house, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of East Conemaugh to meet at the school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Ebensburg to meet as follows: East ward at the office of Richard Jones, jr., in said ward; West ward, at Council Room, in said ward.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Elder to meet at the school house in the village of St. Boniface, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Franklin to meet at the school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Gallitzin to meet at school house No. 2, known as Mountain school house, in said township.

The Elector s of the district composed of the borough of Gallitzin to meet at the school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Grubbtown to meet at the public school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Jackson to meet at the house of Henry Rager, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Johnstown to meet as follows: First ward, at Room No. 2, in the new school building on Market street, in said ward; Second ward, at the office of S. N. Strayer, Esq., on Market street, in said ward; Third ward, at the house of John Brady, on Franklin street, in said ward; Fourth ward, at the school house in said ward; Fifth ward, at the house of Wyatt Hall, in said ward; Sixth ward, at the Johnstown pottery, in said ward; Seventh ward at the office of Samuel W. Miller, Esq., in said ward.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Lilly's to meet at the school house, in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Loretto to meet in the school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Monster, to meet at the warehouse of Augustine Durbin, deceased, in the village of Munster in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Millville to meet as follows: First ward, at the lock up; Second ward, at the hose carriage house, in said ward.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Prospect to meet in the school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Portage, to meet at the school house near the village of Portage.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Reade to meet in the tin shop of Abraham Cornelius, in the village of Glasgow in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Richland to meet at he house of Joseph Geis, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Stonycreek to meet at Jacoby's school house, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Summerhill to meet at Summerhill school house, in the borough of Wilmore.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Susquehanna to meet at the house of Michael Platt, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Taylor to meet as follows: East Taylor to meet at the school house near Headrick's, in said township; West Taylor to meet at the house of Jonas Blouchs in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Tunnelhill to meet at the school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Woodvale to meet at the new school house in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the borough of Wilmore to meet at council chamber, in said borough.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Washington to meet at the school house at the foot of Plane 4, in the borough of Lilly.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of White to meet at the small store house of John C. Gates, in said township.

The Electors of the district composed of the township of Yoder to meet as follows: First division, at School House No. 3, in said township; Second division, at Beam's school house, in said township.

SPECIAL ATTENTION.

SEC. 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First—He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second—He shall have resided in the State one year (or if having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, with-in six months immediately preceding the election.

Third—He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth—If twenty-one years of age, or upward, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

SEC. 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot. Every ballot voted shall be numbered in order in which it shall be received, and the number recorded by the election officers on the list of voters opposite the name of the elector who presents the ballot. Any electors may write his name upon the ticket, or cause his name to be written, and attested by a citizen of the district. The election officers shall be sworn or affirmed not to disclose how any elector shall have voted unless required so do so as a witness in a judicial proceeding.

SEC. 5. Electors shall in all cases except treason, felony, and breach of surety of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance on elections and in going to and returning therefrom.

SEC. 6. Whenever any of the qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall be in active military service, under a requisition from the President of the United States or by any authority from this Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections by the citizens under such regulations as are or shall be prescribed by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual place of election.

SEC. 7. All laws regulating the holding of elections by the citizens for the registration of electors shall be uniform throughout the State, but no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered.

SEC. 8. Any person who shall give or promise or offer to give to any elector any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at any election, or for withholding the same, or who shall give or promise to give such consideration to any other person or party for such elector's vote or for the withholding thereof, and any elector who shall receive or agree to receive for himself or another, any money, reward, or other valuable consideration for his vote shall at any election, or for withholding the same, shall thereby forfeit the right to vote at such election; and an elector whose right to vote shall be challenged for such cause before the election officers, shall be required to swear or affirm that the matter of the challenge is untrue before the vote shall be received.

SEC. 9. Any person who shall while a candidate for office be guilty of bribery, fraud, or willful violation of any election law shall be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit within this Commonwealth; and any person convicted of willful violation of the election laws shall, in addition to any penalties, provided by law, be deprived of the right of suffrage absolutely for a term of four years.

SEC. 13. For the purpose of voting no person shall be deemed to have gained a residence by reason of his presence, or lost it by reason of his absence, while employed in the service, either civil or military, of this State, or of the United States, or on the high seas, nor while a student of any institution of learning, nor while kept in a poor house, or other asylum at public expense, nor while confined in public prison.

SEC. 14. District election boards shall consist of a judge and two inspectors, who shall be chosen annually by the citizens. Each elector shall have the right to vote for the judge and one inspector, and each inspector shall appoint the clerk. The first election, board of any new district shall be selected, and vacancies in election boards filled as shall be provided by law. Election officers shall be priviledged from arrest upon day of election, and while engaged in making up and transmitting returns, except upon a warrant of a court of record or judge thereof for any election fraud, for felony, or for want on breach of the peace. In cities they may claim exemption from jury duty during their term of service.

SEC. 15. No person can be qualified to serve as an election officer who shall hold or who shall within two months have held an office, or appointment or employment in or under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or county, or any municipal board, commission or trust in any city, save only justices of the peace, and aldermen, notaries public and persons in the military service of the State; nor shall any election officer be eligible in any city office to be held at an election at which he shall serve, save only to such subordinate municipal or local office, below the grade of city or county officer, as shall be designated by law.

And also the following sets of Assembly now in force in this State, viz.:

ACT OF JANUARY 30, 1884.

SEC. 4. That all elections held hereafter under the laws of this Commonwealth, the polls shall be opened at seven o'clock, a. m., and close at seven o'clock, p. m.

SEC. 7. Whenever there shall be a vacancy in an election board on the morning of the election, said vacancy shall be filled in conformity with existing laws.

The Act of Assembly, entitled, "An Act relating to the election of this Commonwealth" passed July 2, 1864, provides as follows, to wit:

That the inspectors and judges shall meet at the respective places appointed for holding the elections in the district to which they respectively belong, before the hour of nine o'clock of the Tuesday. November 4, and each said inspector shall appoint one clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

In case the person who shall have received the second highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend on the day of an election, then the person who shall have received the next highest number of votes at the general or preceding election shall act as Inspector in his place. And in case the person who shall have received the highest number of votes for Inspector shall not attend, the person elected Judge shall appoint an inspector in his place. And in case the person elected judge shall not attend, then the inspector who shall have received the highest number of votes for Judge shall appoint a judge in his place, and if any vacancy shall continue in the board for the space of one hour after the time fixed for the opening of the polls of the election, the qualified voters of the township, ward or district for which such officers have been elected shall elect some of their number to fill the vacancy.

THE MODE OF VOTING.

The attention of all qualified voters is directed to the following Act of Assembly regulating the mode of voting in this Commonwealth:

CHANGE IN THE MODE OF VOTING.

AN ACT regulating the mode of voting at all the elections in the several counties of the Commonwealth, approved March 30, 1869:

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same.* That the qualified voters of the several counties of this Commonwealth, at general, township, borough, or special elections, are hereby authorized and required to vote

Household

GRAHAMS.

One cup butter, two cups water, half a teaspoonful soda rubbed in flour. Knead as stiff as bread and until the dough cracks or snaps.

TEMPERANCE CAKE.

One cup sugar, half a cup butter, one cup cold water, three cups flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar, half teaspoon soda, a little salt, raisins and citron to taste.

DRIED STRING BEANS.

String them and cut them up as for cooking. Dry them like corn. When wishing to cook them soak in water, boil them, and add salt, pepper, butter and cream.

TO WHITEN CLOTHES.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them wonderfully. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. It is especially good to remove the yellow tint that time gives to garments that have been laid away two or three years.

ANTS.

A correspondent in the *Indiana Farmer* says in regard to keeping ants out of the cupboard: Place a piece of fur under each foot. Let it reach two or three inches beyond the feet. I have used buffalo fur and have had good success. The little pests will not go over it. Do not let the cupboard touch the wall.

TO REMOVE COFFEE OR MILK STAINS.

The *Industrie Blatter* recommends the use of glycerine for this purpose. The silk, woolen or other fabric is painted over with glycerine, then washed with a clean linen rag dipped in lukewarm rain water until clean. It is afterward pressed on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron as long as it seems damp. The most delicate colors are unaffected by this treatment.

HUSK BEDS.

A correspondent of the *Household* says the way to make a husk bed is to put the husks into plenty of water and spread them on the grass to dry, first spreading sheets on the grass to keep away the insects, etc., if possible. When the husks are dry draw them through a flax hatchel, or split them several times with a fork to make them softer. Then fill them into a bed tick. Don't put in enough to be hard, but to make a good, comfortable bed. Have a slit in the centre of the bed tick, and every day stir the husks up. A button and button hole in the bed tick will make all secure, and if you wash or scald the husks every two or three years they will keep sweet, and you will have a cheap and comfortable bed.

LIGHTNING AND WIRE FENCES.—The Iowa *Stock Journal* learns that there have been many cases of stock being killed lately by electricity in pastures by the lightning striking wire fences. [illegible] runs along the fences [illegible] rods, and where [illegible] the fe[illegible] An officer of an Iowa [illegible] says that not [illegible] were killed, [illegible] which they were [illegible] of them could have been [illegible] feet from the fence and [illegible] feet. From the fact that the fence posts opposite the cattle and for forty rods on either side were split and shattered showed they were killed by a heavy discharge of electricity. There is abundant opportunity for the electricity to descend to the ground at every post, but owing to the better conducting power of the wire it continues along the fence. Why it should leap from the fence to the stock fifteen or twenty feet away will take a science [illegible]. But the fact is beyond dispute. If the stock stood along the fence, as is often the case, it is almost certainly fatal.

THE increasing frequency of neuralgic headache among women must have a cause. There is one of such simplicity that it has been overlooked, and that it is worth while to draw attention to. The pain experienced is generally located in one or more of the branches of the second cervical nerve, very commonly those terminating in the scalp at the occiput or back of the head. The nerves of the scalp are irritated by the hair being drawn tightly back and put on the strain, not as a whole, [illegible] which case the strain would be spread over a large area of surface, but by small bundles of hair which are pulled back and held in place by hairpins. Relief is experienced by removing the hairpins, but this gives only a temporary and partial effect. The injury done is lasting if not permanent in its consequences. The present style of dressing the hair should be discontinued, as it in part accounts for a form of suffering which is both intractable and distressing. If it were the fashion for women to wear their hair short instead of long and tied up, there would be less headache than there is.

THE JUDICIOUS WIFE.—A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in the wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. The wisest things a man commonly does are those his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the street, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorably ridiculous old coat. Whenever you see a man you know little about, oddly dressed and talking absurdly or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be [illegible] had a married man, for the [illegible] minded off—the little she [illegible] married men.

[illegible] to the rule [illegible] animals require salt, [illegible] which are fed slops [illegible] get some salt in this [illegible] not enough, and they [illegible] of salt and ashes [illegible] can eat as they wish. [illegible] that lack of proper salting [illegible] of hog cholera where large droves are kept together and given grain and water. When men are deprived of salt serious diseases result. In some respects the internal structure of human beings resembles that of the pig.

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THE WEEKLY POST

Under a Democratic National Administration.

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THE PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST

congratulates its Democratic readers on the dawn of a new year, under conditions that have not existed for a quarter of a century—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Cleveland and Hendricks have been elected. After the fourth of March there will be a Democratic administration at Washington, with great possibilities for the progress, prosperity and advancement of the country.

AS THE POST has labored unceasingly for twenty-five years for these glorious results, so it will extend to the new administration a hearty greeting and a cordial support in the re-establishment of principles and policies vital to the public welfare, by reforming abuses, righting wrongs and asserting the supremacy of the Democratic faith. We are on the threshhold of important events and great changes. To a Democrat who aided in Cleveland's election, the future is full of interest and hope.

THE WEEKLY POST will aim to keep fully abreast of the times in everything relating to the incoming administration. Its policy at home and abroad will be intelligently discussed, generously supported or candidly and kindly criticised. No year in the history of this journal promises to be so replete with matters of interest to Democrats as the one which we are about to enter. The meeting of Congress, the declaration of the Presidential vote, the inauguration, the new Cabinet, the changes in the public service, the opening up of the books all are of great concern. THE WEEKLY POST will furnish the earliest intelligence, with judicious comment from the old Democratic standpoint. Success will not be less if any more than a quarter of a century of defeat impaired its energies.

The session of the Legislature, with a Reform Governor opposed by a Republican majority, promises to be fruitful of important issues and exciting incident. The coming session of Congress will be even more interesting in its broader field.

In all its varied departments, THE WEEKLY POST will aim at excellence and reliability. Its literary, miscellaneous, news and local departments will be maintained in their utmost efficiency, while its market reports will be prepared with greater care and precision than ever before and made absolutely reliable.

Now the time for Democrats everywhere to take hold, cement and strengthen the party and its chosen representatives, by extending the circulation of Democratic papers. We are no longer on the defensive—we are done with scolding—the party to-day stands for a majority of the American people, and in a few weeks it will be called on to administer the general Government. Truth is mighty and has prevailed.

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An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chase.

General Chase of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

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SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

Shark-Catching.

The way the Arabs catch sharks is very curious and interesting, and is somewhat simular to playing a heavy salmon, only no rod is used. A hook of soft iron wire is made very sharp and baited with a lump of garbage of some kind, usually a piece of shark too rancid even for a slave, and the line, which is small and very slackly spun, is wound round for some little distance from the hook with thin sheet lead, both to protect it from the teeth of the fish and to act as a sinker, and [the other end is made fast to a huge calabash which acts as a float. When a shark takes the bait he tows the calabash about, but cannot sink it for any length of time, and the fisherman set off after him in their canoe, and when they get hold of the line they play their captive until he is actually drowned. The shark that was now on the hook was proving a tartar, and before the two boats came near the canoe which was playing with him was capsized, and the half dozen men who formed the crew thrown into the water. "Give way, my lads!" said the lieutenant, and both boats dashed away, the crews straining every nerve to save the swimmers from their dangerous position, the water literally swarming with sharks, and in a few minutes the men were picked up and their canoe righted. The Englishmen, like all their nation, fond of sport, next went after their float, which could be seen being tow bither and thither as the shark tried to free itself from the incumbrance, but the Arabs, when they saw their intention, shouted and gesticulated to prevent them from doing so, and a second canoe put off from the plow to assist in playing the shark. With some little trouble the line was again secured, and after about two hours' hard work, during which Jonny Shark several times nearly mastered his captors, he was at length killed and dragged upon the rocks, where the English, as he was such a huge monster, had the curiosity to measure him, when he proved to be the enormous length of thirty-three feet ten inches. This was the largest shark they had ever seen, though both boats had oars dashed at by the ravenous brutes, and on one occasion the same whaler, when boarding a phow at night from the ship, had her rudder carried away by one.—*Gentlemans Magazine.*

SELECTING SEED WHEAT.—Some of the successful wheat growers in Pennsylvania and Maryland, says the *Miller*, have a custom of selecting their seed from fields that have a remarkably vigorous developement of straw, little regard being paid to the fullness of the berry. The custom originated with D. M. Good, of Washington county, Md., who, on one occasion, being short of plump wheat, sowed a part of a field with shrunken seed procured from a neighbor. Contrary to his expectations the shrunken seed produced much the finest crop, and on investigatin, Mr. Good discovered that it was from a field that had produced a heavy growth that lodged and thus caused the shriveling of the berry. The theory is that the strength of constitution of wheat can be determind more by the growth of the straw than by the fullness of the berry on any given lot. Those who accept this theory procure their seed from those farmers who have exceptionally heavy fields of wheat, and would on no account use seed from small fields, however plump the berry itself might be. The same theory has been practically accepted by many New England farmers in the selection of seed rye, as when a crop from new land is found exceptionally heavy—as it sometimes will be, from the excess of plant food in the soil—the entire crop is bought for seed by neighboring farmers at a slight advance on market prices. Short straw carries short heads, and consequently the yield must be light, however plump the kernel be. Selecting continually from tall straw with long heads would naturally naturally tend to increase productiveness in our small grains.

INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS.—The London *Field* tells of pair of swallows that built a nest inside of a scwool-room where over one hundred children were in daily attendance.

A goose was seen fluttering on the surface of one of the Wisconsin lakes, and investigation proved that a forty-two pound turtle had it by the leg. Both were drawn into a boat.

When ostriches are breeding they are very savage, yet a colley dog will tame them completely, and at the Cape of Good Hope dogs do the herding with great sagacity.

A dog belonging to Charles Porter, of Parkersburg, W. Va., goes regularly to the post office and brings back the mail, gets the milk from the milkman daily, and has delivered a deposit at the bank correctly.

An immense Newfoundland dog, belonging to gentleman of San Francisco, snapped at a child who was plaging it. The child's mother upbraided the dog, who slunk away, but soon returned with a rose, and with very extravagant capers laid it at the feet of the child. Then it burried to its mistress for a caress.

John H. Osborn, of Belleville, New Jersey, tried breeding quail in an immense wire cage. The third day after the female had begun setting she died on the nest. The cock was greatly distressed. He dragged the the dead bird to a corner and buried it, leaving only the long feathers of one wing exposed. This done he returned to the nest and sat on the eggs, and eventually succeeded in bringing out a brood of ten young quail. The young birds are now alive. —*New York Sun.*

THERE are no gains without pains.

ADVERTISE in the CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

LIFE is to short day, but it is a working day.

LOVE is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.

MEN often rise to greatness, not by merit, but by acclamation.

IT may be well to break a bad vow—still better never to make one.

A LADY in Reading, Pa., endeavored to unclasp what she supposed was a tight garter, and found it to be a garter snake.

Manuring Trees and Vines.

It is supposed by some that when any invigorator is to be applied to trees and vines, it cannot be used too plentifully, and they accordingly mulch to the damage of whatever is planted out, and wonder that it does not grew more vigorously. We have known farmers when setting out grape vines, to dig a pit and throw in the carcasses of two or three sheep or a bushel or two of old bones for each root, giving only a light covering of earth, believing that if bones are good for vines, the roots would run down into the putrid flesh or the dry bones and feed plentifully thereon.

Now, anyone knows that roots or seeds placed in a dung hill will not thrive, and this should teach all that manure only furnishes a part of the elements required for the support of vegtation, and that a bed of manure or bones beneath a tree or vine is only an impediment to its growth. A pint of bone dust will work a greater benefit to a tree or vine when worked into the surface of the soil than a bushel of whole bones under the roots; and so will a few shovelfuls of decomposed sods increase the growth of any plant more than a cartload of manure placed under the roots.

Digging pits, especially in clay soil, and filling them with any material before setting out the shrubs, is a bad plan, for this excavation will hold water as well as a cistern, and the roots of the trees and vines will for several months in the year have to stand in a complete mud-hole. When setting out a single tree or vine loosen up the soil no deeper than the hard pan, and work in rich soil and loam, being sure to get fine dirt around the fibrous roots. When planting an orchard, unless the soil is thoroughly under-drained, dig no deeper than the plow goes, then the drainage will be sufficient to save the tree from drowning out. Never mix fresh barnyard manure with the soil when planting orchards or vinyards.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

What a Baby Can Do.

It can wear out a $1 pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspaper for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest sized bed manufactured simultaneously.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining use language that if uttered on the street would get him in the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the furthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the adjoining room quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

It can't go to sleep "like a little angel,' and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theatre it can wake up and stay awake until the last act.

These are some of the things that a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest home the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a manner that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.

A Smart Scheme.

Two darkies had to carry a large desk to the house of Dr. Blister, who had bought it at a furniture store. When they arrived with the desk he was in and directed them were to put it. The darkies expected to get a quarter apiece at least for their trouble, but alas! the doctor did not give them anything at all. He forgot all about their sufferings in carrying heavy desk up two flights of stairs.

They consulted together for a moment in the hall, and then they began to fight and pound each other, calling each other all manner of vile names, no such uproar had been heard since the adjournment of the Legislature.

Dr. Blister hearing the noise came out and wanted to know the cause of the disturbance.

"Dis heah nigga kep' for himself de money what you guv him for us bofe, for totin' de desk up de stairs," said Sam.

"You is a liar. De doctor didn't gib me de money. You got de money and kep' it!" retorted Jim.

"You are both wrong, boys," said Dr. Blister. "I didn't give either of you anything, but I'll make it all right. Don't fight any more," and taking out his pocket book he gave them a quarter each.

Those who assert the colored men has no executive ability should ponder over this item

Victory at Last.

He had a weed on his hat—a very fresh one—and yet he was sitting and rubbing his hands and apparently feeling so joyful that nobody on the car could quite make out how to take him.

"Well," he finally said, as he turned to an acquaintance, "I've bought it."

"What?"

"The paint."

"What paint?"

"Why, for the house, of course. I've lived in that house eighteen years and it's never been painted. Everybody has noticed how shabby it always looked, but I couldn't help it, you know."

"Couldn't you paint it any time?"

"No. When it was finished I wanted to paint it brown and trim with majender. My wife wanted it yaller with green trimmings. Neither of us would cave and the house was never painted."

"And now?"

"She died two weeks ago," he whispered. "I went down this morning and ordered the brown paint and majender colors. Yaller with green trimmings has passed from this earthly sphere and brown with majender trimmings is still on deck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LONG felt want—A new hat.

"Rough on Rats."
clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs.

Heart Pains.
Palpitation, dropsical swellings, weakness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

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Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

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"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

The Epidemic of Crime.

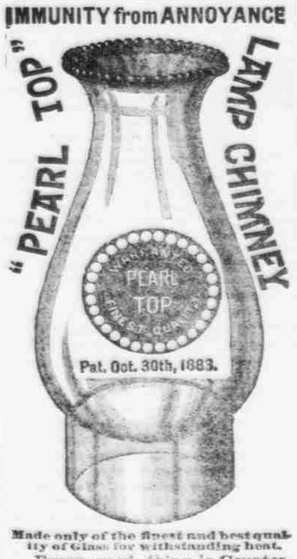
Whence comes this epidemic of suicidps and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depressions the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetrator as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognize medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis.—*Rochester Democrat.*

IMMUNITY from ANNOYANCE



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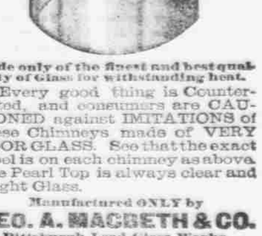

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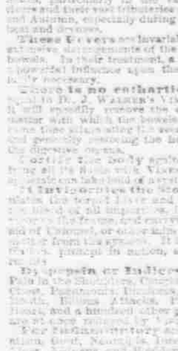

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